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WHAT A TRAVESTY of a treaty is the wickedness of Versailles appears clearly in the decision of the Allies to disregard its provisions as to the British evacuation of the Cologne district on January 10. A report of the Interallied Control Commission is the excuse; the Allies, being judges, juries, and prosecutors, declare that his *ex parte* finding is their justification for violating the treaty. The Allies may violate it as they choose; if the Germans fail to obey its every letter they are called treacherous double-dealers whose word has the quality of a scoundrel's oath; they are then "tricky," "dishonest," "disingenuous." Of course, the truth is that this particular treaty violation was agreed on some time ago in order that Herriot might not have to combat an outcry that the French troops in the Ruhr were left in a "dangerously exposed condition." Berlin correspondents have known for weeks that the Interallied Commission would report German violations, although for three years past they have reported the contrary. The only decent thing about this trickery is that at bottom it is meant to help the Germans through Herriot, but it is trickery none the less. If they had a determined spirit and spunk they would refuse to go on with the Dawes plan until the English troops left. But they realize their helplessness, fear fresh reprisals, and, compelled as they are to yield at all points in order to hold their own country together, will doubtless swallow anew their justified wrath.

HERRIOT, HOWEVER, is politically as well as physically sick; the lawsuits which he is bringing against opposition newspapers are a sure sign of the petulance of a man fearful of a fall from power. Revelation of secret interallied documents was doubtless embarrassing, but it hardly justified prosecution as a crime against the safety of the state. Herriot's record is good, but in the significant French phrase he is *usé*—worn is an inadequate translation. Revelation of the fact that he and other members of his Ministry had in 1919 accepted the support—in at least one case pecuniary—of that Union of Economic Interests against which he campaigned so vigorously in 1924 cut the props of his opposition to the Nationalists at home, and the fall of Ramsay MacDonald in England destroyed the basis of his liberal foreign policy. A new Ministry headed by such skilful politicians as Briand and Loucheur seems likely soon. Across the Rhine the situation is almost equally confused. There was a mild liberal reaction against the ridiculous verdict of a moss-backed judge in Magdeburg, who, sitting in a libel suit, held that Germany's saddler-President, Ebert, had been guilty of treason in connection with a war-time strike. But this faint wave of liberalism has been lost in the counter-wave of anger at the Allied decision to remain at Cologne. Whenever a German Government pledged to faithful execution of its engagements to the Allies seems to be making headway at home the Allies do something to ruin its prestige.

THE GOOD OLD BALKANS! They can always be relied upon to produce a war whenever, if ever, the rest of Europe threatens to settle down in tranquil peace. This time it is Albania. Albania is the best surviving setting for musical-comedy plots—it has real ruffian brigands and bishop-premiers and petty potentates galore. It is also a chronic source of international complications. One recalls the poor prince of Wied who after the Balkan wars accepted the title of Mpret and found the title larger than the powers of an Albanian ruler; and George Fred Williams of Boston, Massachusetts, and Athens, Greece, whose bold efforts to unite Albania almost, so he said, made him king; and Harry F. Sinclair of Teapot Dome, Wyoming, to whom, the newspapers say, an Albanian crown was offered. Recently Albania has been under the nominal suzerainty of Fan Stylian Noli, who is not only an Albanian but a bishop and a graduate of our own Harvard College in the class of 1912. Bishop Noli made an excellent impression at Geneva, where he spoke eloquently against Jugoslav aggression on the Albanian frontier, but a certain Ahmed Zogu has chased him clear out of his home country. The Italians say that Ahmed Zogu is a tool of Jugoslavia; but their views are suspect, for they demand the port of Avlona as "compensation." The Jugoslavs say that Fan Noli was a tool of Italy; they too are suspect, for they have equally clear territorial ambitions. Meanwhile the Greeks, who have ambitions of their own, are studying the topography of southern Albania, and the League of Nations is busily applauding the summary of its pacific achievements made by Viscount Cecil in distant New York.

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LEON TROTZKY'S ILL-HEALTH and retirement to a rest-cure in the Caucasus coincide with a bitter struggle in Russia against what the Soviet newspapers have come to call "Trotzkism." The dominant members of the Communist Party executive and the Government of Russia have recently issued voluminous disquisitions against Trotzky's views as expressed in articles and in his latest book, "1917." They call him opportunist and petty-bourgeois; they charge him with opposing the closer union of town workers and peasants; they say that he seeks to undermine "Leninism" and that his words serve the cause of Menshevism. To the world outside, however, unversed in the intricacies of Russian Communist exegetics, Trotzky has seemed quite as often to stand to the Left as to the Right of Bolshevist orthodoxy. It was not to be expected that the leadership of the Russian Communist Party would work in easy harmony after Lenin's death. Trotzky is a difficult person; he makes mistakes with an almost triumphant gusto and vigor.

COUPLED WITH, and often opposed by, Lenin's cool and flexible statesmanship, Trotzky's flashes of genius have produced amazing results, as in the creation of the Red Army—a tremendous feat of human engineering. With Lenin gone, he has doubtless become a problem. Too prone to seize personal power, too ready to play a lone hand, if necessary in opposition to his associates, he has become a person to be controlled if not suppressed. In official statements, republished in our International Relations Section this week, the Communist leaders explain on doctrinal grounds their opposition to Leon Trotzky, though they deny absolutely any intention of adopting disciplinary measures against him. His ill-health may be as real as it is opportune, and undue significance should not be attached to any aspect of the controversy; internal opposition is probably a sign of political health rather than imminent decay. But a conflict of forces more human and concrete than the documents suggest is likely to lie at the bottom of the sea of dialectics in which the subject has been submerged by the Russian leaders.

FOUR YEARS HAVE PASSED since the last British trade-union delegation went to Russia to examine the revolution in action. A similar mission has just returned to England and has issued a preliminary report. Four years ago the findings of British labor were gloomy: they demanded recognition and aid for Russia, but they described in strong language the dejection and hopelessness of the people, the diseases, the lack of organization, and the complete breakdown of manufacture. This year they say:

> Social, industrial, and economic conditions of Russia have enormously improved since the visit of the British delegation in 1920.

Specifically the members of the delegation commend the financial stability of Russia, the rapid restoration of production, the enthusiasm of the workers in the state industrial enterprises, the improvement of housing conditions, the effort to eliminate illiteracy, the efficient organization of the government welfare bureaus. The visit of the British unionists was a brief one and doubtless they had an opportunity to see Russia at its best; but however superficial their examination may have been, the contrast with the impressions of four years ago is striking and encouraging.

DURING THE CAMPAIGN of falsehood and calumny through which we have just passed great stress was laid upon the possibility, if the electors failed to elect, of a deadlock in the House of Representatives and a similar deadlock in the Senate. Much was solemnly written even of the danger of there being no President at all after March 4. The Coolidge tidal wave ended all that talk, but there was unquestionably enough in the matter to warrant Congress's legislating for such a contingency, which may well arise if we have three parties in the field. As a first step Representative Cable of Ohio has introduced a bill providing that the Presidential Succession Act of 1886 shall apply in the case of the failure to elect a President but only until the deadlock is broken. So far, so good. Mr. Cable's bill should pass promptly. But the situation calls for a constitutional amendment to revise the whole question of the method of electing the President, and first and foremost the abolition of the Electoral College itself. That vermiform appendix of our political life cannot be removed too soon. There should be clarity in providing for the Presidential succession in every contingency.

ONE OF THE INCIDENTAL RESULTS of the Coolidge landslide was the triumph of that rotten-borough reaction in Rhode Island which Mr. Orville Welsh describes elsewhere in this issue. In the defeat of Governor William S. Flynn for United States Senator and Lieutenant Governor Felix Toupin for Governor, and in the Democratic loss of members in both houses of the Legislature, the hopes for an equitable reapportionment of senatorial districts, in accordance with the growth of population in the cities since 1842, go glimmering. Thus the two years' filibuster of the Senate minority, which represented a vast majority of the populace, comes to an inglorious end. The twenty-one Republican Senators who exiled themselves to Rutland, Massachusetts, following the explosion of a gas bomb in the Senate chamber, have returned to Rhode Island with eagles flying. But no fight for the right is ever wholly futile, and it is not to be expected that Rhode Island will forever suffer West Greenwich, with 367 souls, to have the same voice in the Senate as Providence, with a population of 237,595, and thirteen towns with a total population of 17,807 to have a greater voice than eleven cities with 501,362 population.

STRANGE AND ENCOURAGING NEWS comes from Nashville. That city has been aroused by the lynching of a Negro boy, and a group of leading citizens have voted a reward of $5,000 for the arrest of the guilty men. The boy had wounded a white man, and been wounded, in a quarrel. A dozen men took this fifteen-year-old Negro boy from his hospital bed and hung him to a tree. The work was done "with precision"; the men apparently were not blinded by passion. It was simply cold brutality, such as we associate with the Inquisition or the reported atrocities of war time. The crime was the more deplorable because there had been no lynching in Nashville for thirty years and the city might well have thought that it had emerged from the era of lynchings and violence into that of civilized law and order. We hope that the prompt action of the citizens of Nashville and the strength of public opinion will bring about the punishment of the guilty men. The masked spirit of lynchings can best be resisted by precisely such local action.

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SOMETIMES IT SEEMS as if disasters teach us nothing. Factories catch fire, railway trains collide, buildings fall. Scores are killed. We find out the trouble, demand reform—and then forget all about it. But not always. There is also a record of gain. Take the sinking of the steamship Titanic after hitting an iceberg on her maiden voyage in 1912. Less than two years thereafter a convention was signed by the world's chief maritime countries for an ice-patrol service, to be conducted by the United States but paid for by all. The ice patrol was assigned to the fleet of the Coast Guard, along with its many other duties, and thanks to the wireless and the radio the service has proved of definite and increasing value. In the report of the Coast Guard for 1924 one finds a quiet account of the work of the cutters Tampa and Modoc, which alternated in maintaining a patrol between March 18 and June 30, throughout the period of danger from floating ice. In addition to reporting and destroying icebergs the cutters delivered mail to fishermen, treated cases of sickness, watched for derelicts, made oceanographic observations, and performed a score of other jobs for which the Coast Guard is known.

THE FIRST WORK of the Tampa is described as follows in the official story:

> On the evening of March 22 the first broadcast was sent out by the patrol, consisting of special ice information for the steamship Cairntorr. The first report of the presence of a berg was received from the steamship Lituania, on March 25. The cutter thereupon stood for the position of the reported berg, which was found to be of medium size, composed of two parallel walls. The larger wall was approximately 250 feet in length, 100 feet in height, and 60 feet thick at the base, tapering to a jagged edge on the top. The smaller wall was similar to the larger wall, being about two-thirds the size of the latter in each dimension. This berg was partially broken up by means of TNT mines.

On April 7, we read, "the Modoc furnished medical advice to the steamship Schodack," while on a later date the cutter "spoke several French fishermen and in one instance furnished medical aid and supplied the vessel with fresh meat in exchange for codfish." Then again we note: "While the cutter drifted for the night nets were towed and samples of marine life were obtained. A vertical haul was made with the plankton net to obtain specimens of sea life. On June 11 medical advice was furnished by radio to a merchant ship." Thus the record reads—a story of practical internationalism at its best.

PORTUGAL SEEMS almost as much removed from the present current of world affairs as her colony of Macao n the mouth of the Canton River or Goa on "India's coral trand." But none the less we may join with her in commemorating the four-hundredth anniversary of the death of Vasco da Gama, her most celebrated son and one of the hree great discoverers who four centuries ago stretched out heir world from a little saucer about the Mediterranean ea to a sphere comprising about all of our present world. No val country, either, can claim the other two, Columbus and Iagellan, as Portugal can claim Da Gama; for although the hers sailed under the flag of Spain one was an Italian and ie second, like Da Gama, was a native of Portugal. Vasco a Gama's great voyage around the Cape of Good Hope to India was not in itself as great a feat as the discovery of the New World by Columbus or the circumnavigation of the globe by Magellan. For Bartholomeu Diaz had already rounded the Cape of Good Hope nine years before Da Gama, although he failed to press on to India. It was by opening up a sea route to the East that Da Gama joined the immortals. This killed the oriental trade of the Italian cities, and made of the diminutive kingdom of Portugal the world's greatest seaboard and an imperial power. Da Gama returned from the East to enjoy unprecedented honors in his own country, but was sent back after a period of years, and died in India on Christmas Day, 1524. It is well to look forward, as America does, to a future. But it is good also to have a past to look upon, like Portugal. That, anyhow, is sure.

A THOROUGHLY SATISFACTORY WAY of giving financial assistance to potential artists has never been discovered. Prizes awarded for the most distinguished work are likely to go to those already beyond the need of such help, and scholarships usually carry with them the obligation to do specific academic work, whereas the artist is more in need of leisure in which to develop in his own way the talents which he feels growing within him. Doubtless Bertrand Russell's proposal of a vagabond's wage, to be given to all who are sufficiently sure of their latent capacities to be willing to live upon the smallest sum possible, is excellent, but it is not likely to be put into operation soon. Meanwhile prizes like that of $2,000 just awarded by the *Dial* to Miss Marianne Moore for her critical "Observations" are more valuable than those given to obviously outstanding figures. This prize, awarded annually to a writer whose work has appeared in the *Dial*, differs from most in that the magazine does not intend, so it says, to indicate that one contributor is better than another, but merely wishes to give to some promising person a year of leisure. Previous *Dial* awards have gone to T. S. Eliot, Van Wyck Brooks, and Sherwood Anderson. The method is not scientific, but there is a good chance that the award will be really profitable.

THE EFFORTS to develop the Penguin Club in Washington, D. C., into a national liberal club deserve all praise. We have nothing in this country to correspond to the Reform Club and the National Liberal Club or the 1917 Club in London—the former once a great factor in British political life, the second still a meeting-place for radicals and liberals of all shades. Any organization which will serve in our capital as a rendezvous for the liberal-minded who are opposed to the existing political or social order ought to make its influence felt throughout the United States. There are few liberal public men who fail to visit Washington at least once a year; and to provide them with a forum and a medium would be a source of encouragement to them and a means of keeping the liberal movement informed as to what is happening all over the country, besides affording a most needed method of presenting the liberal viewpoint to Congress and to that Washington officialdom which tends more and more to forget its proper relation to the public. We see no reason why the Penguin Club should not become one of the most influential social and political clubs in the country and we hope that we shall soon be able to look to it for help and inspiration.

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Tariffs Versus Free Trade in Europe

BEFORE us lies a memorial signed by 104 of the leading economists, scientists, and business men of Germany, which declares that the time has come for a new commercial policy in that unhappy country. The memorial declares that a number of the signatory scholars approved the economic acts and principles of their country before the war but that they are all now agreed that her changed condition requires a new policy, and that even a reversion to the pre-war tariffs would work grave harm to agriculture, now in anything but a happy condition. They voice their opposition to *all* tariffs save those which might mean a liberalizing of some phases of international commerce, and they warn the public that any artificial increase of the cost of living in Germany just now would be especially dangerous. It is clear to these students and practical men alike that if their nation is to be stabilized, both as to manufacturing and agriculture, the trend must be away from tariffs and not toward them, and that otherwise Germany cannot conquer world markets as she must if she is to pay her debts.

This is one of the most hopeful and rational notes that have come out of Germany since the war ended. Whether the 104 can swing the Reichstag to their view that Germany needs not more but less tariffs is a matter for demonstration. As it is their names command great respect and connote much influence. When other countries are putting on tariffs against Germany—even England to the tune of 26 per cent—it will be all but miraculous if her politicians can be brought to see that economic safety and progress lie not in the direction of engaging in tariff reprisals but in turning directly toward free trade. Before Germany lies the most difficult economic problem which has confronted any modern nation—to keep her industries going and her people content, with a living wage and adequate conditions for health and a modicum of happiness, and at the same time to pay off debts the like of which no nation has heretofore had to face. To achieve this calls for economic statesmanship of the highest order. Fortunate indeed will be that country if its leaders lower tariffs to the disappearing point.

We are the more impressed by this remarkable proposal of a "brand-new commercial policy" in Germany because of the announcement that under Prime Minister Baldwin the free-trade flag will be still further lowered in Great Britain. Although the election was fought on an entirely different issue we have already had an outline of the fiscal policy to be followed by the new Ministry, showing clearly that the party which was defeated on the protection issue not fourteen months ago will throw its weight in that direction despite the lack of a popular mandate. Mr. Baldwin has gone so far as to say that a bill will be introduced this year "entitling any industry which can prove itself substantial and efficient to general protection against unfair competition due to depreciated currency, longer hours of labor, or lower wages." This would open the door wide, if only because it will be to the political interest of the Conservatives to find as many lame industries as possible. Especially does the term "depreciated currency" bode evil both for those who are to judge when, where, and how long a depreciated currency has worked injury to a British industry and to the taxpayers. A currency may sink suddenly, and (as Germany and Austria have both shown) it may recover quickly, or a new and sound one may be introduced. The problem is obviously one of enormous difficulty. Mr. Baldwin is not deterred by it. Replying to a question from Mr. Lloyd George, he stated that if one country was found to be injuring a British industry a general tariff would be levied against all countries and not merely against the one doing the underselling. Here we have the protection doctrine revealed in all its stark, selfish nakedness.

Mr. Baldwin next suggests the ancient heresy of taxes upon food. In view of the history of the corn laws and the triumphant fight of Bright and Cobden against food taxes it would seem that no person would ever suggest such a thing in England again. Mr. Baldwin now sets forth that there can never be a complete system of preference until the home country consents to have taxes "on food of normal, general, and daily consumption." This, he admitted, was not yet within the realm of practical politics, but he did not hesitate to bring it up for discussion. He declared, too, that his entire proposals were not meant as a wedge for the introduction of the protective principle, but, as the London *Chronicle* points out, if Mr. Baldwin is allowed to carry on his policy for three or four years England will be definitely transferred from the free-trade to the protectionist category.

As a matter of fact England is already protectionist, and the further the whole plan of imperial preference is carried the more surely will be the drift to straight-out protection of the American kind. Mr. Baldwin proposes to spend five million dollars a year subsidizing importers who bring in meat, apples, etc., in excess of guaranteed quantities. That is nothing more or less than putting a food tax on the British consumer even though it comes from the general treasury. Since then Mr. Baldwin has had another thought: he now proposes to exclude *all* foreign foodstuffs except such limited quantities as may be imported, upon special licenses, after the colonial quotas have been filled. Even that does not tell the whole story. Charges are being made in this country that the customs receipts in Great Britain and Ireland in the year 1922 stood at $13.98 per capita as against the $3.12 which protectionists assert is what was raised in America in the same year.

This backward step in England is one of the most discouraging signs of the times. Since the war we have been drifting into a condition in which each state erects as high a customs barrier about its boundaries as it possibly can. Thus France, England, and Belgium bring about conditions in Germany which subject the German population to mere wage slavery, and then put on tariffs against the cheap goods produced by these people when they are reduced to the direst struggle for existence. With these tariff barriers, and the tariff rivalries they signify, come hatreds, competition, and ill-will all over Europe; they work against peace as effectively as the various peace agencies make toward peace. Free trade and peace go hand in hand; protection in its sordid selfishness spells economic and later physical wars. Between them the world must choose.

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What La Follette Won

SENATOR La Follette has let it be known that the third-party organization will carry on, whatever the chiefs of the railway unions may decide. Well he may, with the complete returns of the November election at last before him.

We are obsessed in this country by electoral-college figures. "La Follette could carry only his own home State," people say, and shake their heads. As if that meant anything! In fact, he polled close to five million votes—4,822,319 outside of Louisiana, where his adherents were counted among the "scattering." That is more than either Roosevelt or Taft polled in 1912, and it is surely far too many to justify the hasty newspaper predictions of death for the movement.

It is worth while to pause long enough, even two months after election, to discover just what the La Follette vote amounted to. It is a little misleading to say that it was greater than Roosevelt's or Taft's vote, for we have woman suffrage now, and the total vote is substantially larger. La Follette did not win a larger proportion of the popular vote than Roosevelt and Taft won in 1912. He had 17 per cent of the votes, Davis 29, and Coolidge 54 per cent. Eight years ago Roosevelt had 27 per cent, and Taft 24. But Debs, in 1912, polled only 6 per cent, and he more than Roosevelt represented the attempt to form a new producers' party based upon the common interests of the city workers and the farmers. The third-party idea has gained in strength in this last decade, and has struck roots into the soil. Whereas Roosevelt attempted to win the Republican Party away from its old leaders and make it into a personal following, La Follette sought to express a mass movement. Roosevelt had with him almost as many of the regular party bosses as were lined up against him. La Follette bucked the machine all along the line. Only in Wisconsin, his own State and the single State he carried, did he have the advantage of control of a party organization and machinery.

Analyzed by sections of the country the La Follette-Wheeler Progressive vote is even more significant and impressive. Count out the solid South, the border States, and the conservative Northeast, and Senator La Follette ran well ahead of Davis. The most striking feature of any such analysis is, of course, the overwhelming, nation-wide character of the Coolidge sweep. The little Yankee in the White House somehow caught the imagination of the country; he expressed its essential conservatism and soothed its fears, and while his vote of 15,718,789 was somewhat less than Harding's crashing total he received the largest plurality ever recorded for a Presidential candidate in America. In New England and the Northeast he actually won a larger proportion of the votes than Davis did in the South. West of the Mississippi he received nearly two votes to every one for La Follette, and more than three to every one for John W. Davis. Separating the country into four great sections we get the significant totals shown in the table which follows. For the purposes of this classification the so-called "border States"—Maryland, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Oklahoma, and Missouri—are classed with the South; New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware with New England are called the Northeast; Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Iowa are the Middle West; and the other States the West:

	Coolidge		Davis		La Follette	
	No. of Votes	% of Total	No. of Votes	% of Total	No. of Votes	% of Total
South	2,430,694	39	3,295,449	54	371,757	7
Northeast...	5,343,242	61	2,274,461	26	1,114,084	13
Middle West	5,473,871	57½	1,985,319	21	2,047,966	21½
West	2,470,976	54	823,733	17	1,292,512	28

This means that in the great region west of the Mississippi, which includes twenty-two of the forty-eight States of the Union, the third party is now the second party, and the Democratic Party, already disintegrating after the blow of 1920, is fighting for mere existence. As important is the showing in the East. Not for a half century has a new party made such inroads into that center of conservatism. Some writers like to compare the Populist movement, a flash in the pan, with the agrarian movement which was a part of La Follette's support; but at its peak in 1892 the Populist Party polled only 16,000 votes in New York State, where this year La Follette rallied 475,000—more than came out for him in Wisconsin itself. Considering the utter lack of organization at the start and the deliberate treachery of the labor unions in New York City, which turned to Davis at the critical moment, that is a remarkably encouraging showing. The labor leaders of the metropolis may be mere appanages of Tammany; the American Federation of Labor may be in the hands of visionless conservatives; the farmers may lack organization; but the vote of the 1924 election proves that there is a rank-and-file progressive movement in the country. It is not on the threshold of victory yet; there is hard work ahead; but the foundation is laid.

Magic Carpets

MAN has always dreamed of flying. Whether the dreamer sat idly watching the sea-gulls soar and wheel, catching the sunlight fall on their shiny wings, or toiled, a tireless inventor testing, trying, searching in his laboratory, man has always envied the birds. In legend there is Ovid's tale of Daedalus, and the wooden dove of Archytas which flew by means of "hidden and inclosed air." Morn came "on wings." Imagination took its flight on Pegasus, the winged steed. Fairy tales sent their heroes to right wrong in distant lands on the wings of birds—and that modern mythology, the movie world, sends Douglas Fairbanks sailing gloriously through the air on one of Bagdad's magic carpets. Even heaven was attained by flying, for the angels have always been pictured with wings. Now man actually is flying. Today, just twenty-one years since the Wright brothers accomplished their first sustained flight over the sands of Kitty Hawk, N. C., we are on the threshold of the age of air. An enthusiastic writer, Mr. Harry Harper, in the *Contemporary Review* (London) has even developed a "gospel of the air."

> Here, then, lies the salvation of the world—in the development of the flying machine as a great and growing method of communication rather than as a weapon of war. . . . If we prove worthy of this power, we shall move swiftly into a great era of peace, happiness, and world-wide progress.

We have not such extreme confidence in the power of invention to change the human heart. Though we travel at 300 miles an hour seven miles above the earth, the kingdom of the spirit will still be within. Nothing in the past has

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pointed to such a change. It would be difficult to prove that Englishmen who can fly to Paris in three hours like Frenchmen better than when it took days to accomplish the journey. Being able to spend the week-end a hundred miles from home instead of five has produced little moral change in man.

If the new planes which give wings to Mr. Harper's enthusiasm are successful, however, there seems to be no limit to flight. Both engine and man carry with them the heavier air to which they are accustomed on earth. Instead of squinting at Mars through telescopes we may follow the poet:

> Across the margent of the world I fled
> And troubled the gold gateways of the stars.

Mathematicians will compute the exact force of gravity. The weather-man on earth or stationed miles up in the air will report to the speeding plane by radio the velocity and direction of the winds he will encounter. Of all these forces will the aviator take advantage as he sails gaily round the universe. Is this idle imagining? In view of the realities of today how limited seem the imaginings of fifty, a hundred years ago! Jules Verne's Mr. Fogg wildly dreamed of circling the globe in eighty days. Now one hundred hours no longer seems fantastic. Great Britain has already prepared the first time-table (Australia sixty hours!) for the airways of the Empire, covering more than 13,000 miles of land and sea. London, Malta, Bagdad, Karachi, Calcutta, Rangoon, Singapore, North Borneo, British New Guinea, Sydney—around the world, setting foot only on British soil.

Three recent improvements have given us marvelous glimpses of this new flying age; motors light and fast but using cheap crude-oil fuel instead of the expensive aviation petrol; frames of steel lighter and stronger than ever before and "housing gas-bags containing 5,000,000 cubic feet of hydrogen" in the hollow hull frameworks; the use of "super-charge" motors in high flying planes. This last takes hold of the layman's mind and sends it spinning off to Mars. But let the enthusiastic Mr. Harper tell his own story:

> What latest triumphs imply is a virtual abandonment of flying near the earth's surface, and an elevation of regular aerial movement miles above our heads. Hitherto planes flying at great heights have failed to profit in speed from the lessened air resistance of high altitudes because their motors have fallen away in power. But the "turbo-compressor" supplies the engine with high-altitude air at such pressure that the thinness of this air, as compared with low-altitude air, is compensated for and the engine preserves its power even at great heights. . . . Aerial "soundings" by aeroplanes and balloons at heights as great as six, seven, and eight miles above the earth reveal enormous upper winds moving at speeds infinitely greater than are attained by those at lower levels. . . . Can such "trade winds" of the upper air be harnessed to our purpose in the acceleration of aerial journeys above oceans?

One's imagination refuses to stay on the track. To sit in comfortable cabins supplied with oxygen, and travel at 300 miles an hour 20,000 feet above the earth! Thinking about it is almost too exciting for a sedate city dweller. The center of our existence shifts from the earth to what —to what? Mr. Harper may be right—wars may come to an end because such infinite worlds of adventure in the air will dim the specious glories with which the dull past has enveloped war.

Oscar Wilde's Open Secret

THE importance assumed for Oscar Wilde's "De Profundis" reached legendary proportions. In 1905 a series of selections from it was published, first in Germany and then in England, but the complete manuscript was said to be so startlingly personal in its revelations as to make complete publication impossible for a long time to come. Accordingly it was deposited in the British Museum with the understanding that it was not to be made public until 1960. Now, however, the complete text has appeared in a German translation, and its editor, Max Meyerfeld, has written an account of it for the New York *Times*. Sensations last for a shorter time than those who are concerned in them are likely to believe, and when proper deductions have been made both for those things which have leaked out and for those which are no longer particularly interesting, not much of importance remains in this mystery which had been the subject of such endless speculation.

It was not until 1901 that a reference in the "Dictionary of National Biography" gave the first hint of its existence, and not until 1909 that its form—a letter headed "Epistola: in carcere et vinculis," and written to Wilde's evil genius, Lord Alfred Douglas—was known. The relationship between these two men was strongly suggestive of that between Baudelaire and Rimbaud except for the facts that Lord Alfred has not Rimbaud's modicum of genius and that it was to protect the Douglases that the letter was suppressed. Unfortunately for his reputation, however, Lord Alfred has a penchant for libel suits, and in the course of one against the critic Arthur Ransome the court permitted the reading of the entire manuscript of some forty thousand words. Lord Alfred lost his suit because the facts could not be hidden. With the wiles of a vicious woman he had played upon Wilde's weakness, and then, having led him to destruction, escaped punishment and wrote a book to vilify his friend. The caddishness of "Oscar Wilde and Myself" deprived him of all claim to consideration, and accordingly Wilde's letter is no longer withheld, though it is said to contain little not familiar to those who read the reports of the Douglas-Ransome trial. It reveals him, says Herr Meyerfeld, as a megalomaniac who credited himself "with a social and literary eminence which he never attained in his lifetime and which posterity likewise has never granted him."

It would seem safe to assume, then, that the facts for the judgment of Wilde are all in. We know as much as we ever shall of what he did. Already the dogmatic condemnation which his contemporaries, righteously unwilling even to investigate, pronounced upon him has yielded somewhat not only to time but also to the flood of light which the modern study of sex has thrown upon his disease. Those who once assumed as a matter of course that he was led by the curiously perverse tone of his philosophy into vicious practices now realize that the reverse was true, and that this perversity of tone was merely the first symptom of a biologic maladjustment which did not until later reveal itself in action. Wilde's works, which contain some of the wittiest writing in the English language, will be judged by the critics, but his character is the concern of biologists and psychologists alone. However little we understand even now of the problem which it raises, we do at least know that it is rather a scientific than a moral one.

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Annihilate the Klan!

By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

THE Ku Klux Klan is the flower of reaction. It could not bloom in liberal days.

The heart of man would not travel in the Ku Klux path, if the heart of man were considering humanity from the liberal viewpoint. The whole Ku Klux philosophy is a philosophy of force as opposed to reason, based upon a centripetal rather than a centrifugal movement in life. It is intolerant and egoistic, this Ku Klux philosophy relying upon terror and suspicion and malice to achieve its unholy ends.

Of course it appeals to classes that are essentially unintelligent morally and spiritually, but it does grip them with a tremendous force. If the powerful, conscious, egoistic forces that control our Government and control governments internationally had employed their wisest publicity men, their shrewdest psychologists, their most fiendish and devilish agencies to corrupt and mislead and cauterize the hearts of humanity for the purpose of making the third- and fourth-raters in life immune to altruistic ideals, these great sinister ruling forces could have hit upon nothing more perfectly fitted for their purposes than the Ku Klux Klan. So long as the Ku Klux Klan is operating in any considerable minority in any American State, that State will be absolutely closed to liberal ideals. The labor movement in America has not had, in a generation, such a staggering blow as it has received from the Ku Klux Klan. The Klan is deeply divisory in every progressive movement but it has diverted labor from its aims and divided the rank and file of organized labor as nothing else has done for a generation.

The leaders of the Klan know well that when other issues than the Pope and the dominance of the Jew and the fear of the Negro enter into the election, their own issue pales and dies. So they are bitter in their denunciation of other politicians and other political movements which have for their object the amelioration of the conditions of the submerged part of our population. Labor got to thinking so bitterly and intensely about the wrongs which the Pope was inflicting this fall that labor forgot all about its own rights.

Of course the thing we call Wall Street for short did not go down into Georgia and finance the high-powered salesmen of the Klan to go out and sell the Klan doctrine to the laboring people; but if Wall Street had done that Wall Street would have exhibited more sense than it has done since capitalism began to dominate humanity.

The Klan is the most amazingly clever capitalization of all recent psychological researches, offering dull and negligible people an escape from the inferiority complex into the realm of the secretly powerful. Wall Street need fear no "dangerous unrest" as long as the Ku Klux Klan is abroad in the land. The discontented are peacefully diverted from the realization of the causes of their condition. And with this diversion their capacity for meeting real injustices is turned in the safer by-paths of hating their neighbor, nosing into their neighbor's religion, or despising their neighbor's race and color. If there were such a thing in a democracy as Machiavellian statecraft it would seem almost childish in comparison with the efficiency of this Invisible Empire in spreading this tremendously effective gospel of reaction among the oppressed.

But if the Klan would only relieve such evils as the Klan itself complains of and states so puerilely one might get some satisfaction in seeing the Klan thrive. But even those evils which are not religious or racial but are largely the result of overcrowding in great cities, of congestion of people of one race or creed or blood in almost segregated sections of our cities and States—those evils are not lessened by the Klan. Hating these segregated peoples because of their race or religion or birth will not Americanize them, will not bring them into any reasonable and righteous relation with our nation, which they may lack. The evils of which the Klan complains must be met with reason, not with force—with indeed "a sweet reasonableness," with a fraternal sympathy, with a centrifugal philosophy. But alas, what we have is bitterness and malice and wicked, unneighborly persecution, unreasoning, unprofitable, futile beyond words except that it promotes the very injustices of which they complain. To state merely a side issue of these fundamental questions simply, we may say that the net result of the Klan has been to unite Catholicism as it has not been united in America before in our history, and to divide Protestantism hopelessly. Similarly, the Klan has given the power of unison to all of the evil forces of capitalism without giving to the altruistic forces of capitalism anything but discord, diversion, and disunion.

The immediate problem of the liberal statesman is the annihilation of the Ku Klux Klan.

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Please Buy Wall Street's White Elephant

By ARTHUR WARNER

GENTLE reader, have you a white elephant? If so, hop on its back and head it for the national capital.

On November 4, last, Uncle Sam was stricken with elephantiasis, in consequence of which the Grand Old Party was returned to Washington with all the elephants in its procession. Hence, for beasts of that ilk the latch-string is out (or should one say the zoo gate is open?), especially if they are white. They need not necessarily be native and Protestant, but it is imperative that the owner should have contributed, financially or otherwise, to achieving the Republican majority last November. That majority cost something that must be paid for. So now is the time for all good Republicans with white elephants on their hands to take them to Washington. The animals will be accommodated free on the White House lawns until the President or some obliging member of his Cabinet can sell them to Congress, to be pastured at government expense for the rest of their days.

John W. Weeks, officially Secretary of War, is unofficially Head Keeper of the administration menagerie. Mr. Weeks, a banker by trade, is a great lover of our dumb animals, at least whenever their owners are needy friends of his in Wall Street, New York, or State Street, Boston. He has already led one large and dispirited white elephant up the Capitol steps and has sold all of it but the off hind leg. There may be a kick yet in that off hind leg.

The name of Mr. Weeks's white elephant is Cape Cod Canal; habitat, the sandy regions of eastern Massachusetts. Mr. Weeks's pet is a product of the famous Belmont Stables, over the dispersal of which the newspapers have been so much occupied since the death, recently, of the owner. By consulting the latest edition of that excellent work on zoology, "Trow's New York Copartnership and Corporation Directory," one finds listed with August Belmont as directors of this particular white elephant such well-known animal lovers as F. R. Appleton, De Witt C. Flanagan, C. C. Tegethoff, L. F. Loree (president of the Delaware and Hudson Railroad), Eugene Klapp, F. De C. Sullivan, F. D. Underwood (president of the Erie Railroad), H. P. Wilson, and W. A. Harriman of the United American Lines.

The Cape Cod Canal is a dream as old as this republic. As far back as 1780 an effort was made to get the Continental Congress to build such a waterway, and in the years that followed the project was frequently agitated. Numerous charters were issued—and lapsed. Some work was even begun—and abandoned. Finally, in 1899, the present charter was obtained from the State of Massachusetts and a few years later the holders succeeded in interesting August Belmont in the undertaking. Mr. Belmont was then fresh from the success of building New York City's first subway. It was proving to be the greatest nickel collector in history. If one could make money blasting a way through Manhattan granite, why not by shoveling out Cape Cod sand? Mr. Belmont organized a company, raised the necessary money, and set William Barclay Parsons (engineer of the subway) at the job. The canal was opened to light-draught vessels in 1914 and two years later was completed with a minimum depth of twenty-five feet. It cost in the neighborhood of ten million dollars.

Mr. Belmont guessed right on the New York subway but wrong on the Cape Cod Canal, although it is of undoubted value to coastwise traffic. By cutting a ditch of eight miles from the head of Buzzards Bay on the south to Barnstable Bay on the north a distance of sixty-five to seventy miles is saved on the sea route between New York and Boston, while, equally important, it is possible to make the trip almost wholly through protected waters instead of risking the open and often tempestuous passage around the promontory of Cape Cod. Yet, financially, the enterprise has been a calamitous failure. When the canal was opened there were predictions that 25,000,000 tons of freight would pass through it yearly. It has never had a tenth of that amount. Officers of the company say that it was opened at an unfortunate moment, just when the World War was drawing all available shipping off the coast and into overseas trade. Since the armistice they point to the slump in shipping as an explanation of the canal's poor showing. Neither of these excuses is sufficient. It is admitted that the canal ought to have a depth of thirty-five instead of twenty-five feet. But even if it were ten feet deeper experience does not indicate any time in the visible future when tolls from the canal would make it profitable.

Then what are the poor men who financed the waterway to do? The Boston, Cape Cod and New York Canal Company has issued $6,000,000 worth of bonds and an eq[illegible] amount of stock. The operating profits for the past fi[illegible] years have been: 1920, $136,446; 1921, $122,433; 1922 $204,073; 1923, $277,700; 1924 (to November 1), $268,029 This is not enough to pay the $300,000 due annually a interest on the bonds, let alone any return on the stock The company is in a hole by comparison with which it own ditch across Cape Cod is only a scratch in the sanc

Well, why not appeal to that stalwart friend of ou dumb animals, John W. Weeks? This, indeed, is exactl what the company did, several years ago, when the hanc writing upon the wall—or in the sand—was already plai With the energy that characterizes him when his banke friends are in trouble, Mr. Weeks, who was then a Unite States Senator from Massachusetts, succeeded in getting clause into the river-and-harbor bill of 1917 which starte the ball rolling. An appropriation of $5,000 was mac with which the Secretaries of War, the Navy, and Cor merce were directed to make a survey with a view to tl Government's purchase of the canal as a *toll-free waterwa* Provided a satisfactory price could be agreed upon, tl Secretary of War was authorized to make a contract f purchase, subject to ratification and an appropriation Congress. In event of failure to agree upon a price, co demnation proceedings were authorized. The United Stat had just entered the World War at this time, and of cour a vast ballyhoo was set up in regard to the value of t Cape Cod Canal for defensive purposes. Both Preside Wilson and Secretary Baker were misled into approvi of the purchase, so opponents of the measure charg while Louis Seibold, then Washington correspondent

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the New York *World*, wrote in the issue of July 30, 1917:

> No measure designed to improve obscure creeks and swimming holes, as well as the political fortunes of their champions, ever was so artfully conceived as the river-and-harbor bill, which conference committees of the two houses now have under consideration. Really important war projects that may be of vital value to the nation during the next year or two are cleverly sandwiched in with schemes to unload privately owned canals and waterways, whose improvement at the expense of the people is of more value to land speculators than to any naval or merchant-marine operations that may be compelled by war emergencies.
>
> The bill now in conference does not contain a single item shown to be of naval necessity, though some of them are urged by senators and congressmen on that ground. This is particularly true of the item providing $5,000 for a survey of the Cape Cod Canal in Massachusetts.

Secretary Baker offered $8,250,000 for the canal; the company held out for $13,000,000. So condemnation proceedings were instituted and a jury in the United States District Court for Massachusetts returned a verdict for $16,801,201.11! In the meanwhile the waterway had been taken over by the Government on proclamation of President Wilson, and it was run by the Railroad Administration from July 30, 1918, until almost two years later. When the Railroad Administration surrendered the waterway the war was over and the enthusiasm to buy the canal had subsided. Although pressure was kept up and several measures were discussed in Congress, the purchase of the canal languished. Likewise the canal's finances; so much so that Mr. Belmont and his associates were presently willing to sell their white elephant at a substantial reduction from the original demand, although the replacement cost of the canal had increased greatly in the meanwhile.

Then came the strategic moment to swing the deal. John W. Weeks was made Secretary of War by President Harding. During nearly four years that he has been in office Mr. Weeks has not yet found time to investigate or to ask for the prosecution of notorious war frauds that are a stench in his department. Indeed Mr. Weeks's purposeful delay of the case of the Government against the Wright-Martin Aircraft Corporation for the recovery of an overpayment of more than five million dollars led Captain S. L. Scaife, formerly a special agent of the Department of Justice, to tell a congressional committee that the facts warranted criminal action against the Secretary of War for conspiracy to defraud the United States. But when Mr. Weeks's banker friends are in need he is Johnny-on-the-spot. Thus he had barely taken office when on July 29, 1921, he signed a contract for the purchase of the Cape Cod Canal for $11,500,000, subject to appropriation of Congress. Payment was to be made by taking over the bond issue of $6,000,000 and handing out $5,500,000 in cash to the company, which has never paid a cent on its stock and has considerably missed even earning the interest on its bonds.

But in spite of Mr. Weeks the purchase of his white elephant was delayed in Congress, and it was not until 1924 that the way was at all smooth. Then, with a Massachusetts man (Representative Winslow) as chairman of the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce of the House, with another citizen of the Bay State as President, and with Mr. Weeks himself still Secretary of War, the skies brightened. The bill for the purchase of the canal according to Mr. Weeks's contract passed the House last spring, President Coolidge indorsed it in his recent message to Congress, and a Senate committee has just reported in its favor. There was strong opposition in the House, the bill passing by a non-party vote, 149 to 132. Representative Nelson of Wisconsin said in opposition:

> The purpose here is to relieve a bunch of Wall Street profiteers of a bad bargain, and they want us to relieve them soon. There is political pressure because some of these stocks and bonds are held by citizens of Massachusetts who want to get rid of them mighty fast. It is special interest in its worst form. I have seen some specimens of class legislation—ship subsidy and the like—but in my long term this is the worst, the sheerest, and the rankest special legislation I can recall.

The Cape Cod Canal is a genuine asset to navigation, but its full value cannot be realized without deepening it to thirty-five feet. This would cost some ten million dollars, or about as much as went into the original construction of the waterway. If the Government buys the canal, there will be instant pressure to deepen it. Thus the Government is faced at once with a capital expenditure of $21,500,000. In addition the pending legislation calls for a *toll-free canal*, so that there would be an annual bill for running expenses of upward of a quarter of a million dollars. Perhaps the tax-payers ought to assume all this in the interest of better national waterways, but they ought not to be led into it blindfolded. The newspaper dispatches have not identified the Cape Cod Canal with August Belmont and Company, nor with Secretary Weeks, nor have they explained that the bill before Congress makes a present of $5,500,000 to a group of financiers who have no chance of getting a cent of that amount by operating the canal themselves. These men ought to be glad to deed the waterway to the Government if it would take over their $6,000,000 bond issue, thus saving them further out-of-pocket expense for interest not earned by the canal.

Politicians have a habit of virtually giving away invaluable natural rights like Teapot Dome and Muscle Shoals and then of saddling on the Government losing ventures like the Cape Cod Canal. This serves the double purpose of helping out their friends and at the same time discrediting government ownership by putting under national control something that cannot possibly be made to pay. But Secretary Weeks has not yet sold his white elephant to Uncle Sam—not all of it. And, as already suggested, there may be a kick still in that off hind leg.

Necklace

By HERBERT S. GORMAN

Take, since you knew me not, the years
Wherein I slipped between the fears
Of what you wished and what might be
And make them your felicity.

Constrained by that unequal chance
That perished in your ignorance
But sunk its root into my brain,
I give you all those years of pain.

And you may thread with unconcern
Dark pearls of Time that inly burn
And wear with not too much desire
A necklace linked with drops of fire.

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Quaker Revolutionaries

When Quaker Met Turk*

By MOLLIE BEST

THE exploits of the able-minded seaman Thomas Lurting brighten up the dark story of the Quaker struggle. At a time when aged women and young girls were done to death for the crime of holding a religious meeting, the irresistible Thomas "in obedience to the promptings of the Holy Spirit" defied the power of the English navy, declared a strike on war on the eve of battle, led pirates captive, rebuked the King of England, and lived happily ever after. Curiosity as to the secret of this singularly disarming personality will find no gratification in the Quaker chronicles, which ascribe all victory to the Lord.

We infer, however, that this human agent of the Lord must have been a likely creature physically, for he was only fourteen when he arrested the appraising eye of the press-gang and remained ever after the victim of their approval and a justification of their efficiency. We read that when Admiral Blake "ruined the admiral and vice-admiral of the Spanish galleons," Thomas was chosen for the perilous honor of passing under the guns of the fort to fire the Spanish ships. He turned the trick neatly, though two of his seven comrades were killed and one was shot in the back.

His valor soon won him a command with two hundred men under him and it was his duty to enforce attendance on divine worship, as by law established, a duty faithfully performed, and by no gentle methods. "But then," he says, "neither was I a Quaker, nor were any of the people so called on board our ship." The immunity from the Quaker heresy was of short duration; the Bristol was used as a transport, and a soldier lad from Scotland brought in the infection. The first symptom of the disease was a refusal of the "convinced" to attend compulsory worship or to doff caps to officers. The captain was "sore troubled" and sent the clergyman, "a cruel and bitter man," to Thomas, who urged him as "an honest man and a good Christian" to beat into subjection this "dangerous and blasphemous people." Thomas executed this command with his usual vigor. "But the Lord so wrought upon me that in a little time I could no more beat any of the Quakers. And the Lord gave me a true sight of that priest, for when I could not beat and abuse them I was accounted neither an honest man nor a good Christian."

This humane weakness made Thomas an object of ridicule, and jeering parties from sister ships came aboard to make merry, telling him that though he still had the shape of a man he looked like a dumb saint. Thomas thereupon earnestly entreated the Lord that it might not be required of him to join a sect despised and mocked of all men. But the force which he could not subdue was conquering him, and he finally resolved, "whether Quaker or no Quaker, peace with God I am for."

With his surrender Quakerism spread, and a little group aboard that fighting frigate met to meditate on the things of eternal life. When the captain discovered that the missionary soldier from Scotland had not given the whole Quaker program, he let up on the flogging. "As yet we were not brought to testify against fighting, but we would take none of the plunder. The captain would often say to other captains, he cared not if all his men were Quakers, for they were the hardiest men on his ship."

Alas for the captain's optimism. Though the Scotch soldier said nothing to the sailors of the Quaker war on war, he had fired them with the basic Quaker principle, that the Creator had implanted the divine spark in every one of His creatures, and this doctrine gradually worked its incendiary way. Stripped to the waist Thomas with all diligence was sighting the guns, when

> He that hath all men's hearts in His hand so far changed my heart that whilst but a minute before I was setting my whole strength to kill or destroy men's lives, but a minute after I could not kill a man if it were to gain the whole world. As I was coming out of the forecastle door to see where the shot fell, the word of the Lord ran through me, How if I had killed a man, and it was with such power that I hardly knew whether I was in the body or out of it. I put on my clothes and walked on the deck in great exercise of mind. Some one asked me if I was hurt. I answered, No, but under some scruple of conscience on account of fighting. Although I had not then heard that Quakers refused to fight.

After a period of gestation an idea had been born to Thomas and he was not the man to strangle it. "Full well ye reject the commandments of God that ye may keep your own traditions" was the accusation of the most subversive of teachers. Thomas called a Quaker meeting and presented his new-born idea. His Friends delivered themselves of the good old platitude that if the Lord got them safe home, never again would they let themselves in for the plunder and murder of war. This did not satisfy the mate. "If I stood honest to that which is of God in my own conscience, and if we came to it tomorrow, I would bear my testimony against it, for inasmuch as we had been so great actors in it, now we must bear our testimony against fighting."

Courage begets courage, and one young Friend immediately sought out the captain to acquaint him with the troubled state of his conscience. "He that denies to fight in the time of engagement," roared the captain, "I will put my sword in his guts." More calmly the Quaker came back: "Thou wilt be a manslayer, and guilty of innocent blood."

And then "came a trying time to prove every one's foundation." A strange ship was approaching, and the Bristol cleared for action. The Quakers to a man determined not to fight, but unwilling to take a devious course and leave their officer in the lurch, they assembled on deck to give him fair warning. "The distracted man drew his sword in as much fury and indignation as ever I saw a sword drawn. The word of the Lord ran through me like fire, If he will have a sacrifice proffer it him" and "in great dread of the Lord" Thomas advanced toward his enraged officer. It was the captain who capitulated to the mutineer, "his countenance changed pale," and he handed his sword to his man.

* This is the third and last article on Quaker Revolutionaries. The first two appeared in the issues of *The Nation* of December 24 and 31.

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In his off moments this Cromwellian captain was a Baptist preacher, and probably had a disturbing conviction that the Quakers had the correct but inconvenient interpretation of Christianity. Moreover he knew he was dealing not with cowards but with men of intrepid courage, the most engaging and disarming of human attributes. For all his blustering he could not bring himself to thrust his sword in the bowels of a fellow-Christian. The strange ship proved to be a friend and the story ends.

Thomas's life was now filled with "exercises." In vain his pacifist protestations; he was never free from the flattering attentions of the press-gang, who forcibly installed him on various ships of the line. He was cajoled, bribed with offers of command, threatened with imprisonment and death. "I am in thy hands. Thou may do with me what thou pleases." Occasionally a captain would have a brilliant idea, an employment which would involve no killing, a great piece of charity. "Thou shalt be with the doctor; and when a man hath lost an arm or leg to hold him while the doctor cuts it off. This is not killing, but saving men's lives." Thomas was immovable. "But I will not do that, for it is all an assistance."

Thomas finally shipped aboard a merchantman as mate under a Quaker skipper. He left the unwearying press-gang behind only to be confronted by the Algerian pirates, and into their hands the English vessel fell returning from Venice. The captain and four of the crew were removed to the pirate ship, while fourteen of the Turkish captors boarded the prize. Sewel quaintly records: "The Mate was under great exercise of mind, the rather because the Master with four of his men were then with the Turks, and those that were left were somewhat unruly." In this concern he believed it was inwardly told him by the Lord, "Be not afraid for thou shalt not go to Algiers," and having great experience of the Lord's deliverance he had learned to trust almost against hope. Going to the ship's side to see the Turks come in he received them as if they were friends, and they also behaved themselves civilly. He said to his men: "Be not afraid, for we shall not go to Algiers; as ye have been willing to obey me, be as willing to obey the Turks." Unruly seamen, Barbary pirates, naval officers, kings, were all in the day's work to Thomas, and all succumbed to the spell of his personality.

> The Turks seeing the seamen's diligence grew more careless and favorable, some went again to their own ship, and eight Turks staid with the English. Then the Mate began to think of the Master and the four that were with him in the Turk's ship; as for himself and the others that were with him he had no fear at all, nay he was so far from it that he said to his men, "Were but the Master on board and the rest of our men, were there twice as many Turks I should not fear them." By this he encouraged the seamen, who not being of his persuasion, would have been ready enough to kill the Turks. Meanwhile the Mate's earnest desire to the Lord was that He would put it into the hearts of the Turks to send the others back, and his desire was answered. Then all manner of fear was taken from him. The English being all together except the Master he said, "What if we should overcome the Turks and go to Majorca?" One said, "I will kill one or two" and another, "I will cut as many throats as you will have me." But at these sayings the Mate was much troubled and told the men, "If I knew that you would touch a Turk at that rate, I would tell the Turks myself. If ye will be ruled, I will act for your deliverance as well as my own, if not I will be still." They agreed to do what he would have them. "Well," said he, "if the Turks bid you do anything, do it without grumbling, with as much diligence as ye can, for that pleases them and will cause them to let us be together."

Having subdued the unruly crew, Thomas directed his attention to the Master.

> I went to our Master, who was a Friend, and a bold-spirited man, and told him of our intention, whose answer to me was: if we offered to rise and they overcame us, we had as good be burned alive, the which I very well knew. But I could no way get him to adhere to me, in that he was fearful of bloodshed, insomuch that at last I told him: We were resolved, and I believed the Lord would prosper it, by reason that I would rather go to Algiers than kill one Turk. So at last he agreed, and let me do what I would, provided we killed none. Two Turks lying in the cabin with him, he was still to lie in the cabin, that they should mistrust nothing. And having by bad weather lost their man of war (which thing I much desired) the Turks seeing our diligence grew careless of us.

With an unlimited confidence in the Lord, Thomas invariably held up his own end, making good use of the excellent head-piece with which the Lord had endowed him. By tact and patience he steered the Turks into separate cabins, and while they slept the more serenely for an imperfect estimate of their Quaker prisoner, the English disarmed them and turned the key, all done, Thomas assures us, "by fair means and persuasions." "Then I said to the men of our vessel, 'Now we have the Turks at our command, no man shall hurt any of them, for if you do I will be against you; but this I will do, now they are below deck we will keep them so, and go to May-York.'"

Providence and Thomas having locked every door of hope against the Turks, "instead of rising they fell to crying, for their courage was taken from them; they desired they might not be sold, which I promised they should not. I went to the cabin of our Master, he not knowing what was done, and he told their captain we had overcome his men. At which unexpected news he wept, and desired the Master not to sell him, which he promised he would not." The Turks had mistaken the master spirit.

Majorca was a Spanish port, and the Spanish idea of Christian behavior differed from the Quaker. The Turks were fearful, and their captors "made a place to hide them where the Spaniards could not find them." Naturally the Quakers were rather proud of their exploit, and when an English captain came aboard, the Quaker captain under solemn pledge of secrecy related the story. Failing to shake the Quaker in his purpose, the visitor was so shocked by the absurdity of his fanatical friend that he went ashore to conspire with the Spaniard to seize that valuable human cargo, quite forgetful of his pledged word. He was not quick enough for the wary Quakers who got wind of the enterprise and glided out of Spanish waters.

Through fear the Turkish courage had ebbed; through the greater fear of landing in England, it rose again full tide. On deck with one helmsman Thomas observed with alarm that they had surrounded the Master. "Their countenances began to look very sourly. A great weight fell upon me. How if they should lay hold upon the Master and heave him overboard, they being ten strong men and he a small man. My weight increasing I started up and stamped my foot." The English crew responded with a rush, seizing workman's tools as they ran, for Thomas had cautiously sequestered the pirate weapons. "Lay down every man of you what you have provided to hurt them," said Thomas,

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"they are Turks and we are Englishmen; let it not be said we are afraid of them. I laid hold of the captain and said he must go down, which he did very quietly, and all the rest followed."

Here was a new perplexity for the Quaker conscience. The Turks dreaded England with as good reason as his own men dreaded Algiers. Loving enemies was not the vogue with Christian or heathen. But Thomas gave no half-hearted allegiance to the gospel command; his conscience would be clear when the Turks were set down in sight of home, and he ordered the ship about, toward the perilous coast.

Though he loved his enemies Thomas was not unmindful of their limitations, and landing ten Turks in a small boat excited little enthusiasm in his "unconvinced" crew. He called for volunteers and got four, who thought the Turks should be bound, but Thomas declared that would exasperate them. "Now they are quiet, let us keep them so. Come let us hoist out the boat." However, he adroitly disposed of his unwelcome guests, placing each Turk in the lap of another as insurance against too much liberty of action. This quieted the fears of his men, and they agreed that in case of resistance they would use no violence till Thomas said he could do no more. The English were jumpy, and saw a boat in every rock, crying out: "Positively there's men in the bushes." "They speaking so positively I was possessed with fear. As soon as the Turks saw that I was afraid they rose in the boat. This was one of the greatest straits that ever I was put to, for fear of our men killing them, for I would not have killed a Turk for the whole world."

To avoid bloodshed, Thomas, not yet at the end of his resources, decided that salutary chastisement was justifiable. "Life and courage increased again. I struck the captain a smart blow and bid him sit down, which he did instantly, and so did all the rest, without any more blows."

Then the little crazy craft unloaded its inflammable freight into the cool water.

> With signs of great kindness they took leave and jumped out not very wet. Then we put close in and gave them bread and some other things and hove all their arms ashore to them. They would gladly have had us gone with them, and for myself I could have ventured. So we parted in great love, and stayed till they had gone up the hill. They shook their caps at us and we ours at them.

Joyfully the English crew turned homeward, hoping the conscience of their dauntless leader would have no further exercise. All was over but the shouting.

> As we were coming up the Thames, King Charles and the Duke of York and his Lords being at Greenwich, it was told them there was a Quaker ketch coming up the river, that had been taken by the Turks, and had redeemed themselves, but had never a gun. The King came to our ship's side, and discoursed the Master. "You have done like a fool," said the King to the Captain, "for you might have had good gain for them," and turning to Thomas, "You should have brought the Turks to me." No more to be intimidated by a king than a pirate, I answered that I thought it better for them to be in their own country, at which they all smiled and went away. So I rest in that which can do good for evil, which ought to be the practice of all true men.

Progressive Hopes and Rotten Boroughs

By ORVILLE A. WELSH

THE American politicians' fear of a powerful and growing minority which may soon become a majority is imbedded in the constitutions of most of our sovereign States, in many of which the right of the people to rule themselves is thwarted by legislative apportionments, to which those who consider themselves the proper custodians of the "people's interests" stubbornly cling. This conclusion is unavoidable from a study of American rotten boroughs.

It also is evident what a difficult task faces the upbuilders of a third party. In virtually all the big States the cards are stacked against them. All the defects of a rigid federal Constitution are repeated and magnified in the governmental instruments of these commonwealths. Likewise it is clear that when United States senators were chosen by such unrepresentative legislatures the will of the majority of the voters of these States had a long and tortuous sluice to trickle through.

In the "nationally Republican" States of the North, the Democratic as the minority party gets short shrift in legislative apportionment. Aside from gerrymanders, the cities, Democratic in the main or radical, are rankly discriminated against, so that a vote from the conservative rural community is worth several times that of the townsman. The same condition exists in the South, as against any possible minority party. In the West also the political machinery of several States has been manipulated to produce some of the worst phases of the rotten-borough system.

Notable exceptions are Massachusetts and Wisconsin. Representation in both houses of the Massachusetts Legislature is on a population basis of "legal voters," meaning those duly qualified and registered. This is the only State in which legal voters are so recognized. In Wisconsin, where Senator La Follette has dominated politics for years, the Socialists, with thirteen members against one Democrat, have formed the opposition party in the legislature. Other States without material rotten boroughs, or where town and country interests are almost identical, are Minnesota, North and South Dakota, and Oklahoma.

The worst examples are Rhode Island in the East, Georgia in the South, and Washington in the far West. The case of Georgia would be more noticeable were there a minority party representing working men in the cities. Nevertheless, it is possible for a Presidential primary candidate to win a majority of the popular vote and yet lose the State's delegation. That happened in 1920.

The reactionary Republicans, representing the interests of the mill-owners, block progressive legislation in Rhode Island through their control of the Senate, cemented by a "progressively" rotten-borough system. Representation being by towns, ranging from virtually non-existent communities (but Republican) to Providence (Democratic), it has been easy to prevent any unexpected turnover and a reform in the whole scheme of things by splitting up into two towns and senatorial districts any city that showed a tendency away from the G. O. P. So there has been the

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spectacle the past summer of the Republican senators—facing a progressive Assembly and Governor, as well as an ably led Senate minority, determined to filibuster until a constitutional convention to rectify the State's political abuses was achieved—fleeing ignominiously from the State after an attempt to end the filibuster by gassing Lieutenant Governor Felix A. Toupin had failed. And the G. O. P. machine in Rhode Island was just as indignant at the effort to pass a forty-eight-hour law for women and children in the mills as it was at the broader attack on its own maintenance in power under the 1842 constitution.

Georgia legislative representation is based on first-, second-, and third-class counties with one, two, and three votes inversely in the House. Thus Fulton, with a population of 232,606, has three representatives, against one each for a number of counties under 6,000 population. This inequality extends to the Democratic primaries, except that the vote is doubled. Eight counties with a gross population of 635,326 have only three times the representation of eight counties with 57,617 souls. There are 160 counties in Georgia, mostly of the third class. The rule of third-class units is exemplified in the division among the counties of a third of the three-cent gasoline tax. The split is according to post-road mileage. So Fulton County pays $800,000 of this tax and gets back $14,000, which it can spend as it likes; while Wayne County pays in $6,000 and receives $24,000.

The State of Washington is ruled by a "cow-county combine," engineered in 1911 by E. A. Sims and L. D. McArdle from Jefferson, the smallest county, to prevent any reapportionment which would cost any county a loss of representation. As a consequence there has been no reapportionment in twenty years, and the constitutional provision for a State census in between the federal enumerations has likewise been disregarded. The controlling counties contain less than a third of the population. How unrepresentative is the legislature is shown by the fact that of the fifteen times since 1912 that legislative acts have been submitted to the voters, only twice has the legislature been upheld—in the case of the bone-dry law and of the recently submitted municipal water-power bill. Incidentally, this is only one of many States where the initiative and referendum, once regarded as "socialistic" and still so termed in some quarters, are the only resource of the whole people against a thoroughly unrepresentative governing body. Roughly speaking the "cow counties" of Washington have from three to ten times the voting strength of the cities so far as State legislation is concerned. The Forty-second District in uptown Seattle cast more than 35,000 votes in 1920, as compared with 1,977 in Jefferson County. Yet each of these units has two representatives. Municipal water-power development has been blocked by rotten-borough legislators, and the Bone free-power bill, allowing city lighting plants to supply consumers outside their borders, was beaten in the last legislature and also by referendum at the election last fall.

Rhode Island, Georgia, and Washington, then, are the Class A rotten-borough States. In Class B, only a shade less extreme, are Connecticut, New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland. Class C, States in which the urban majority population is outvoted by rural counties overrepresented, includes New York, Ohio, Michigan, and Illinois. Class D, States in which some measure of rotten-borough conditions exists, has Vermont, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, Missouri, Montana, Arizona, New Mexico, North Carolina, and West Virginia.

Of the Class B States, Delaware and Maryland each has a city with approximately half the total population. Yet Wilmington has but 13.5 per cent and Baltimore 28.57 per cent representation in the State Assembly. The unrepresentative legislatures of both these wet States ratified the Eighteenth Amendment, although Maryland has never adopted an enforcement act. But in Delaware physicians cannot even prescribe liquor on prescription. Vigorous efforts have been made recently by both cities to increase their legislative membership, but without avail. Home rule has been denied to Wilmington, and it is forbidden to practice daylight saving.

Tampering with clocks also is barred in Connecticut, where each town has just two representatives in the Assembly. One such town is Union, with 257 persons, which has an equal voice in the lower house with Hartford, New Haven, and Bridgeport. It is interesting to recall that the present United States Senator George S. McLean was elected governor in 1902 on a platform calling for a constitutional convention to end these inequalities. Some changes were made in senatorial districts, but that was all. Important educational measures in Connecticut have been killed by the small-town appropriations committee of the House.

Each of the twenty-one counties in New Jersey has one Senator and one only. Essex and Hudson counties contain 40 per cent (1,281,243) of the State's population and have less than 10 per cent representation in the upper chamber. They are paired off with Cape May County, population 19,460, and Sussex, 24,905. Most of the rural senators are Republican. The rural tail wags the urban dog.

Of the Class C States, only in New York is the system frankly partisan. The constitutional provision giving each county at least one member of the Assembly (with the exception of Hamilton) is intended to perpetuate Republican control of the lower branch of the legislature. It does. It is virtually impossible for the Democrats to capture the Assembly, no matter how large and overwhelming the majority for governor and other State officers. Hence the slaughter of Governor Alfred E. Smith's progressive program by Speaker H. Edmund Machold. Even when Democratic supremacy in the Assembly does occur, in a hotly contested general election, it doesn't last long, as assemblymen are chosen every year.

In Ohio, where every county has at least one member of the House, the cities have suffered severely from lack of tax classification and are chronically broke, but the bipartisan rural bloc will not permit them any relief. In Michigan a "moiety clause" in the constitution permits rural minority control of the House, and the constitutional mandate for a reapportionment of both Senate and House districts every ten years has been disregarded since 1903. The "moiety clause" provides that when any county has a moiety or more than half the ratio of population for one State representative it shall be given the member. There are now thirty-one of these moiety districts out of a total of 100, a constitutional limit.

Wayne County (Detroit) with about a third of the State's population has five of the thirty-two senators and fourteen of 100 members of the House. Here again tax equalization is the principal problem, with the rural communities and small towns siding against the big cities. More and more, therefore, the inevitable recourse is to the

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initiative and referendum, where popular votes do count.

In Illinois, Cook County, with more than half the population, has only nineteen of the fifty-one senators, and fifty-seven of the 154 representatives at Springfield. Chicago's utilities are governed by the State, and the city is held to an absurdly low bonded debt. Ratification of the Eighteenth Amendment by a legislature unrepresentative of the whole population was followed by a two to one victory for a beer bill at a referendum two years ago. Also in Missouri (Class D), always a wet State, the amendment was ratified by a legislature in which the urban element was greatly underrepresented. The Missouri Legislature has refused to permit a constitutional amendment authorizing St. Louis to expand its boundaries, which were defined by the 1875 constitution.

When statehood was proposed, Montana had only a dozen counties. To overcome objections from the sparsely settled regions, each county was allowed one member of the Senate. There now are fifty-five counties, many of which have been organized to procure additional senators (the same device used regarding towns by the Republican organization in Rhode Island). Silver Bow County, containing Butte, the largest city in Montana, has no greater voice in the Senate than Hill County, where 500 votes cast in a general election is a phenomenon. If all the urban counties, with more than half the population, were to combine in the Senate they would have only eleven votes against forty-four for the "cow counties." Of course, Montana politics revolves almost entirely around the Anaconda Copper Mining Company, and legislators are either "company men" or anti-company. One flower of the senatorial situation has been the metropolitan police law, passed some years ago at the behest of the small towns, whereby a member of the uniformed force of any municipality is assured life tenure. Under this act it has been found virtually impossible to dismiss incompetent and dishonest men, and when on numerous occasions policemen have been so dismissed they have gone into court and obtained reinstatement with back pay and damages.

In Vermont representation in the House is by towns. That is also the basis of representation in the constitutional convention in New Hampshire, through which all changes in the fundamental law must be initiated. New Hampshire senatorial districts are laid out on a basis of wealth. It was the Senate that killed the progressive measures of Governor Fred H. Brown, Democrat, and the lower chamber. Daylight saving is taboo in both New Hampshire and Pennsylvania through rural influence, which in the latter State was the bulwark of Governor Gifford Pinchot's prohibition crusade. It did not, however, save him from being swamped in the Republican primary last spring. Each county in Pennsylvania and West Virginia has at least one representative. In Arizona Senate representation has been unchanged since 1918; New Mexico Democrats claim that the Republicans in 1911 so arranged the districts that it is impossible to elect a legislature Democratic in both branches. Urban counties are greatly underrepresented and the cities discriminated against in North Carolina.

In Alabama the small towns are dominant, with the "dirt farmers" or planters often siding with the cities, for instance in the attempt at the last session to stop Sunday movies in Montgomery and Mobile. In Oregon, Portland with one-third the population is fortunate in holding the balance of power between the eastern part of the State mainly interested in irrigation and the western half in which drainage is the paramount issue.

Rotten boroughs were eliminated in Wisconsin years ago, and the effect has been a wholesome drawing together of the urban and rural elements, neither side having the whip-hand over the other. Farmer members have given cordial support to the program sponsored by the American Federation of Labor, which included among many others bills for the following: a general eight-hour day; permission for peaceful picketing; reduction in hours of labor for women employed in hotels; prohibition of night work in bakeries; delegation of authority to cities to prepare and distribute milk products as a municipal enterprise; labeling of prison-made goods; forty-four-hour week for women; free textbooks for public schools; strengthening of the part-time education law; strict regulation of activities of private detective agencies in labor disputes; granting of authority to cities to do public work by employing labor direct without a contract; initiative and referendum; repeal of the secrecy clause of the income-tax law to secure publicity of returns; strengthening of the child-labor law; old-age pensions.

In the fight a few years ago for abolition of the State National Guard, the farmers lined up with the Socialist members from Milwaukee. That proposal died in the Senate, but the same legislature did abolish compulsory military training at the State University at Madison and stopped the building of more State armories. But this is "radical" Wisconsin, a State that shares with Massachusetts the distinction of being at the bottom of the list in rotten boroughs.

The Massachusetts definition of "legal voters" is unique throughout the country. At first the term was construed to mean potential voters, but this interpretation was questioned by Benjamin Loring Young, Speaker of the House, and in reply to some queries by the legislature (permissible under Bay State law) the Supreme Court this year ruled:

> *First.* The meaning and scope of the term "legal voters" in Articles XXI and XXII of the amendments are the voters who possess the qualifications prescribed by the constitution for voters and who have complied with statutory requirements so that they may lawfully cast their votes at an election.
>
> *Second.* Legal voters as used in the same articles of amendments mean under the present statutes those persons who, possessing the constitutional qualifications to become voters, have proved them by taking the necessary steps to become duly recorded on lists of registered voters of the several cities and towns.
>
> *Third.* The General Court in providing for the enumeration of legal voters may define those words to mean citizens of the commonwealth qualified to vote under the constitution who have complied with the laws so that their names are duly recorded on lists of registered voters of the several cities and towns. The General Court in making such definition would not change in any respect the meaning of those words as found in Articles XXI and XXII of the amendments to the constitution, but would thereby declare their signification in view of existing valid statutes.

Mr. Young thinks this system should be adopted throughout the country. Certainly the result if applied to the Federal Government would be revolutionary. For it would immediately reduce the representation of the South in the House of Representatives by at least 50 per cent. And therefore it probably is not feasible.

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Notes from the Slums

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

THE NATION being a progressive paper, this reporter has dutifully gone down and picked up some items for it among the now recently submerged progressive tenth in Washington.

Senator Wheeler has left for Panama. He is taking Mrs. Wheeler with him and three-fifths of his children. He does not regard this trip as plutocratic. Asked if he was fleeing from justice and if we would now have to extradite him from Panama back to the United States in order to try him in the federal courts on the indictment now lying in those courts against him, the Senator replied:

> I have patiently and persistently tried to find out from the Department of Justice just when the case against me will be called. My efforts have been entirely unsuccessful. The authorities in Washington refer me to the federal authorities in Montana. The federal authorities in Montana refuse to yield to my importunate requests and refuse to give me any information. So far as I can make out, the indictment against me is a permanent institution. The federal authorities like it and do not want to lose it. I am going to let them have the indictment and I am going to take Panama. In my absence, if the federal authorities should want to take any chances on trying me, my legal representatives, Senator Walsh of Montana and Senator Borah of Idaho, will willingly embrace the certainty of getting me acquitted. Farewell!

On the opposite side of the Senate chamber from Senator Wheeler there was descried in the slummiest part of the Republican Party the sinister and menacing figure of Senator Howell of Nebraska. He was engaged in telling Senator Ball of Delaware the prices charged for forty kilowatt hours by electric plants in Cleveland, Ohio; Lincoln, Nebraska; Niagara Falls, New York; Burlington, Iowa; Montgomery, Alabama; Jackson, Mississippi; and other cities.

Senator Howell has sunk so far and low into the theory of public ownership and operation that he knows these figures. Most of our public-ownership advocates in the Senate are for public ownership because they trust the people or because they hate to see anybody in the General Electric Company make a dollar. Senator Howell is a much more dangerous character. This reporter has pointed him out to Senator Curtis of Kansas and to other members of the Republican police force several times. Senator Howell carries concealed statistics. He is a graduate of the Annapolis Naval Academy. He is an engineer. He has been a business man. He exhibits no special romanticism about the people. He reserves his romanticism for the endless figures which seem to him to prove that much publicly owned electric power is cheap for the public and much privately owned electric power is expensive for the public. He is extremely annoying to private-ownership fanatics like this reporter. It is easy to take a crack at trusting the people. It is much more difficult to crack Senator Howell's statistics. Senator Howell's speech in the course of the present Muscle Shoals debate was the most detestably formidable public-ownership speech that this reporter has ever heard in the Senate. Our private-ownership fanatics will now have to cease bandying generalities and will have to study statistics too. Thus low-life Washington keeps on dragging Washington down to its level.

Senator Shipstead of Minnesota is seen frequently in drawing-rooms, and then the scoundrel votes for things like public ownership at Muscle Shoals just the same. Oh, those wasted pearls! Nothing can be done to lift Senator Shipstead up. People like him. He likes people. He likes them of all sorts. He is no respecter or rejecter of persons. He takes them all as they come, poor and rich, fat and lean, tory and bolshevik, and sweetly goes on being just what the scion of a Minnesota Populist household should be. It was in his father's blood. It is in his blood. Blood will tell. Eugenics is right. The lower radical classes will just simply keep right on being the lower radical classes no matter what is done for them.

Senator Couzens of Michigan has moved ex-Senator Frelinghuysen's house to the slums by living in it. This house is one of the largest objects in Washington's underworld. It is not quite large enough, however, it is said, for Senator Couzens. Senator Couzens is going to get a larger house. These slum people in Washington live awfully well. Senator Smoot's house on the tip-top flake of Washington's political upper-crust is a small house. Senator Couzens's house—and still more, it is said, his next house—in the very depths of political degradation is an immense house. Thus everything is being turned upside down by these people, and one does not know where one is any more. Senator Couzens, with a florid face and a burly manner, sallies forth every now and then and brass-knuckles Secretary of the Treasury Mellon, who thereupon proceeds to look even more shrinking than ever before. Couzens should look intimidated when he sees Mellon, who has even more money than he has. He does not. The political slum-dwellers of Washington have no manners.

Judson Welliver maintains a slum right in the White House. He is a sort of progressive, oozing all sorts of standard progressive ideas, and he is the White House's literary "chief clerk," right under Calvin Coolidge's desk. These people will go anywhere. The Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture put poisoned meat all around the hedges of the White House, but Judson got through when Warren Gamaliel Harding was President, and he is there yet.

Senator Gooding of Idaho, opposite number to Senator Borah of Idaho, very opposite, has taken up a temporary residence in the slums by voting for governmental ownership and operation of the power-plant and nitrogen-fixation plants at Muscle Shoals. The regular inhabitants of the slums, like Brookhart of Iowa and Johnson of California, who also voted for governmental ownership and operation at Muscle Shoals, are reported to have not yet called upon him. Just why he is stopping among them is one of the town's great social mysteries.

Finally there is A. Piatt Andrew, of Massachusetts, member of the House of Representatives. He got cast into the slums when he printed all sorts of statistics last year disproving Mr. Mellon's statistics about the bonus. Then he got cast upward into the social-register tory classes of Washington when he voted against the child-labor amendment and was blacklisted by all the labor organizations. Thereupon he returned to his district and was reelected to Congress without any opposition either on primary day or on election day. He has no residence in either part of Washington and no opposition at home. This article pauses on that perfecting of politics. Andrew is beyond either the slum-dwellers or the cave-dwellers. Merry Andrew!

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In the Driftway

THERE are times when the Drifter tires, not of drifting but of drifting in strange places. He becomes bored by the Temples of Timgad or Timbuktu, and the more esoteric reaches of Montmartre and Moscow are as dust and ashes to his spirit. At such moments he takes the next boat or airplane or dog-sled for home—except, of course, when home is too far away, when it would be idle to start because he would undoubtedly change his mind before he arrived and wish himself in Timbuktu again. Within a half mile radius of *The Nation's* home—which he claims also as his own—he can find more real excitement and food for speculation than even Timgad, except at rare seasons, has to offer.

* * * * *

AT Christmas and New Year's the regions of Vesey and of Barclay streets present one of their most fascinating aspects. Then the horticultural emporiums line their sidewalks with evergreens, tied up with ropes, to be sure, like a man with his arms bound to his sides, but smelling sweetly, none the less. The Drifter, in his calmer moments, finds himself becoming exercised over the fir forests that are yearly stripped to be hung briefly with colored glass and tinsel. But when he sees Christmas trees and holly and the mysterious and alluring mistletoe he forgets his principles entirely. He walks past the flower stores and admires the waxy red poinsettias; he passes the bakeries and yearns for a gingerbread horse or a beautiful strawberry made of almond paste; he sees the looped paper and the green wreaths and Christmas seems a very important festival to him. Nor is that the only time of celebration on Vesey Street. At Easter the sidewalks blossom with pansies and small rose trees—forced in a greenhouse, of course, and destined to a short life indoors, but what of that? And in between seasons, when there is neither the holly nor the rose, even the Drifter can be aroused to emotion by the bulb catalogues and by the small, snubbed, brown bulbs themselves that lie, onion-like, before his eyes.

* * * * *

HE need not, of course, depend for his entertainment on the plant nurseries; he can walk a block west to a bird-and-animal shop and watch rabbits or kittens or young dogs; he can travel south only a short way and be in the heart of little Syria, where pistache nuts covered with sugar crowd the window alongside the very hookah that the Caterpillar might have been smoking as he talked to Alice. If he wishes peace and quiet he may sit for fifteen minutes in St. Paul's churchyard, where the eighteenth century tombstones are almost crumbled away. If he is in a cynical mood, he has only to stroll along Barclay Street, lined with stores that sell images to Catholic churches; there he is at liberty to speculate on the degeneration of sculpture and wood-carving and to lament the medieval goldsmith who would not have permitted such specimens of his craft to leave the shop to his own dishonor and to the lesser glory of God. If he wants a humble hammer, he can buy a dozen and every kind of saw and bolt and screw and wrench besides. If he longs for a nut, there are half a dozen nut stores that deal in this year's crop only, not to mention figs and dates and Dutch hopjes and Vienna caramels and German chocolates and French bonbons. He can stroll at ease in Washington Market and admire the vegetables; he can walk in Maiden Lane and gape at the diamonds. In short, there are times when he wonders why he ever leaves this bewildering array of riches from every country in the world. Indeed, he would never do so but for one thing. There is one kind of store he has not mentioned; he tries not to think of it, but there it unescapably is—a half dozen to every block. It sells radio parts; it keeps a radio at work moaning the better-known tunes from grand opera to the evening air; its windows are filled with the most intricately obnoxious bits of wire and metal. When he can no longer stand the radio shops, he takes the next boat for Azerbaijan.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

A Tax on Brains

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just paid a duty of 25 per cent on a package of books received gratis from London—ten copies of a recent verse-translation of Lucretius (intended for Christmas presents). As I happened to have made this translation myself I was foolish enough to protest against this tax on what brains I may possess, receiving uncompromising official assurance that "the importation consisted of merchandise of foreign production." Thus it would seem that a book, under the sane business administration of Mr. Coolidge and his sturdy Republicans, is, after all, just what any realistic eye can see it to be—print-paper and card-board.

When I mentioned the incident to Mr. George Babbitt Babbitt admonished me that I should have given the work to an American House—Doubleday-Page or Doran, for instance—whereupon, to my mortification, I had to admit that the manuscript had been rejected by six of our native firms, and that my loyalty to America had broken down when the genial Mr. J. M. Dent of Everyman's Library, on a visit to our shop had offered to bring it out under an English imprimatur with English spelling.

Madison, Wis., December 8 WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

The Fourteenth Amendment

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Again the question of the Fourteenth Amendment appears. This time its validity is attacked. In a suit started in the United States District Court in New Orleans an effort is being made to oust a Negro from the office of the Controller of Customs, which position he obtained by appointment from President Coolidge. The complainants in seeking to remove the Negro from office allege that the Fourteenth Amendment is invalid, and hence "a person of African blood and descent cannot hold office under the United States government, for he is not a citizen. Furthermore, it is claimed that the authors of the amendment had conspired to put it into effect.

After the close of the Civil War a bill was passed in Congress which was designed to restore representation in Congress to such Southern States as ratified the Fourteenth Amendment. The chances for ratification were slight in the Southern States not because the amendment required a guaranty of citizenship and equality of rights for the freedmen and repudiated the Southern debt but chiefly because it denied to Southern participants in the war the privilege of holding office.

As was expected, every one of the seceded States except Tennessee rejected the proposed amendment. This refusal on the part of the South aroused the anger of Congress to such a degree that the drastic Reconstruction Act was passed. To regain representation in Congress and to be exempt from military rule the Southern States had to submit new cons

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tutions to Congress for its approval. Besides declaring that the constitutional conventions must consist of delegates of "whatever race or color," the law insisted that the new legislatures formed under the new constitutions had to ratify the Fourteenth Amendment. By August, 1868, the necessary ratifications were procured, and the amendment was in effect.

Under the famous Slaughter House Cases it was held that the three amendments, the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth, had for their exclusive purpose the protection of the Negro. It has been claimed in various cases that the Southern States acted under duress in the matter of ratification. This argument was refuted in the case of White *vs.* Hart, 13 Wallace 646, where the Supreme Court of the United States held that no such duress existed and that the seceded States acted of their own volition in ratifying the Fourteenth Amendment.

What will be the outcome of the new assault upon this section of the Constitution can only be a conjecture; but this belated attempt to fight the Civil War over again in the courts should be followed with close attention.

New York, November 1 EMANUEL ROSENFELD

Kenneth B. Elliman

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The death of Kenneth B. Elliman, editor of the *International Free Trader* and secretary of the Free Trade League, should not go unnoticed in *The Nation*, of which he was a devoted reader and friend. His strong character and personality were an inspiration to me and to many others who turned frequently to him to get his courageous point of view about questions of the day and persons in high places. His courage and accomplishments in spite of physical disability were a marvel to all of us. He was the most independent thinker and the bravest of my acquaintances. His memory was remarkable—a mine of useful information—and his devotion to principle was unsurpassed. Especially in the field of free trade is his loss very great.

Boston, December 16 FRANCIS CALL WOODMAN

First to Last—the Truth

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the war for truthful advertising the leading newspapers and magazines have accomplished some highly commendable educational and police work in the commercial field. As an advertising man and a consumer of goods I applaud these progressive policies whether the motive be selfish or not. When a prominent New York newspaper threw out bodily the full-page ads of a well-known local department store because of fraudulent and misleading and incorrect claims consistently made in the text, I was among those who threw up my hat and cheered.

Today, after a political campaign in which that same newspaper violated its self-made code of ethics with a consistency that was appalling, I have moved over to the other side of the house!

Here is a condition which, it seems to me, demands a remedy. During the recent political campaign I bought regularly five New York newspapers: the *World* and *Herald Tribune* in the morning, and the *Sun*, *Telegram-Mail*, and *Evening Post* in the evening. Let me say at the outset that of the five the *World* was by far the most fair and the most consistent in its editorial policy (consistent, that is, with respect to the truth). It never ceased to oppose La Follette, but it at least never stooped to falsehood and misrepresentation in its opposition. Not so with the other four.

The *Herald Tribune*, for example, published an editorial on October 18 entitled La Follette and the War in which there was included a downright misstatement of fact. In a registered letter to Mr. Ogden Reid, signed for by "N. Wallace," I pointed out the error and asked that it be corrected. My letter never appeared.

On October 4 George Nox McCain, writing in the *Evening Post*, quoted a fistful of statistics regarding the foreign-born population of Wisconsin that were ludicrously incorrect, yet my letter correcting them (giving the title and page of my authority) was ignored. Two days later the same correspondent quoted another series of incorrect and misleading statistics on the increase of taxes in Wisconsin, but my letter correcting the figures and specifying my authorities (one of which was the Republican campaign handbook for 1920) was likewise filed in the waste basket.

On September 20 the *Telegram-Mail* editorially distorted the intent of one of the planks in the La Follette platform and drew from it conclusions most absurd in their reasoning. Quoting from President Coolidge's own utterances, I contradicted the inference on the 22nd, but that letter was "lost."

Quoting from the *Herald* of September 10, 1922, I was able to "make a liar out of" the *Sun* on September 24, 1924; and, again, quoting from Theodore Roosevelt and Robert C. Brooks, I was able to give them some additional corrections on October 27—but they did not have room for any of these epistles.

All in all, I have twenty-two letters here in my file that will never see the light of day if these papers can prevent it, the most interesting being a 3,800-word memorandum to Samuel G. Blythe regarding his absurd article in the *Saturday Evening Post* of October 18—that most austere of all honest-advertising publications!

It is annoying, when you are seeking the truth, to see three letters to the *Telegram-Mail*, *Evening Post*, and *Sun* sunk without trace by the editorial department while the advertising department can find the time to answer an inquiry about their space rates which was inclosed in the self-same envelope! It is maddening to see them publish, on the editorial page, 3½ inches of copy on State to Save Antelope Herd and 4½ inches on Industrial Uses of Nickel and 5 inches on Why Traffic Signs Are Yellow when they can't find the room for honest letters, based on cited authorities, which correct their ignorant or malicious misrepresentations about the record and purposes of a Presidential candidate!

Why can't we have a law enacted based on this: "A daily newspaper shall be required to print on its editorial page within three days after the post-marked date on the envelope or wrapper any communication from a reader which corrects a misstatement in the newspaper's columns, provided that communication is accompanied by an affidavit attesting the veracity of the correction. The correction shall appear beginning at the top of a column under the title 'Correction' printed in letters at least one-half inch high."

Brooklyn, November 11 PAUL W. KEARNEY

Contributors to This Issue

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE ran as an independent anti-Klan candidate for Governor of Kansas in the recent election, and was defeated.

ORVILLE A. WELSH is a New York newspaper man who has made a special study of the social effects of the rotten-borough system.

MOLLIE BEST has completed a book on the activities of the early Quakers, which will be published by Harcourt, Brace and Company.

GEORGE SOULE, of the Labor Bureau, has been a frequent contributor to *The Nation*.

C. W. PRALL teaches philosophy at the University of California.

E. CARLETON MACDOWELL is a research geneticist at the Carnegie Institute at Cold Spring Harbor, New York.

THOMAS CRAVEN is an art critic and novelist.

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Books and Plays

First Glance

JOHN MUIR, whose "Life and Letters" has just been published by his friend and literary executor, William Frederic Badè (Houghton Mifflin: 2 vols., $7.50), is to me one of the most thrilling of American writers. A few years ago I read the eight green volumes into which his work had been collected, and the excitement which they gave me then is revived in all its force now that I glance at them in order to see what things Muir might be suspected to have left unsaid about himself. His subject was Nature; his chosen field was the mountains and forests of the West. I can think of no other naturalist who has maintained over so many pages a continuous exaltation of mood and style without becoming monotonous, and I believe that very few have left behind them so many separate passages capable of remaining forever brilliant and pure in the memory.

In "The Story of My Boyhood and Youth" and "A Thousand-Mile Walk to the Gulf"—two autobiographical books concerned with the first thirty years of Muir's life—there are many masterpieces: accounts of skylarks in Scotland; of well-digging on a new Wisconsin farm; of winter nights spent in passionate devotion to books; of marvelous machines made out of the homeliest materials; of Kentucky caves; of long-haired ruffians in Cumberland Mountain passes after the Civil War; of the graveyard at Bonaventure in Georgia; and of Florida swamps. Muir reached California in 1868. Virtually all of his remaining forty-six years were spent there, and the names Sierra and Yosemite owe much of their glory to his books. The high, cool pastures where he drove Delaney's sheep; the ice and the snow which were his native elements; the bright, clear, intoxicating skies; the Douglas squirrel, the water-ouzel, and the honey-eating bear; the rocks rising and the waters falling in the garden of the Yosemite—these also, in "My First Summer in the Sierra," "The Mountains of California," "Our National Parks," and "Steep Trails," are made into masterpieces. And the two books about the far North are no less precious, containing as they do—among many other things—the story of Stickeen and the picture of the dead Eskimo village on the island of St. Michael.

To these profound impressions Mr. Badè's volumes add very little. The biography here is only slightly fuller than that which Muir as a writer was always engaged in furnishing. I am glad to have an account of Muir's marriage, though there was practically nothing to tell. I am interested to know that Muir was considered by his friends even more accomplished as a conversationalist than as an author—he disliked writing, and complained once that "most of the words of the English language are made of mud." And I find a particular significance in some sentences which he wrote shortly after his arrival in California: "Both my companion and myself had lived on common air for nearly thirty years, and never before this discovered that our bodies contained such multitudes of palates, or that this mortal flesh, so little valued by philosophers and teachers, was possessed of so vast a capacity for happiness." These are from a hitherto unpublished instalment of Muir's autobiography—by far the most important contribution made by Mr. Badè's book—and they epitomize the whole effort of Muir's mind to free itself from the harsh Protestantism which his father had inculcated with Bible and rod. He never quite escaped except in his books; his letters frequently are rather foolish in their conventional and meaningless piety.

Edward Garnett's "A Hudson Anthology" (Dutton: $3) is calculated for those persons who have yet to learn that "Green Mansions" is altogether unrepresentative of its author, and that each one of his twenty-odd volumes contains passages of perfect English prose dealing with substantial subject-matter. As Mr. Garnett admits, those who already know the range of Hudson will ask for no anthology; Hudson does not call for cutting and culling. But of its kind the book is excellent, and it can be recommended to anyone who still is unfamiliar with one of the most beautiful writers of modern times.

MARK VAN DOREN

More Rats

The Labor Spy. By Sidney Howard, with the collaboration of Robert Dunn. Republic Publishing Company. $1.

IT is rumored that magazines with such titles as "True Detective Stories" and "Real Detective Mysteries" have fabulous circulations. At any rate I must confess to having bought and read them with attention. But here is a whole volume of really true detective stories which is more outlandish and enthralling than the lot. It brings up to date the series done some months ago by Mr. Howard for the *New Republic.*

The intellectual fascination of these anecdotes it is impossible to convey in a review. If they concerned something as remote from the average citizen as the underworld or Czarist Russia one could read them with unchecked pleasure. But the sense that what Mr. Howard is describing is a genuine reality here and now, and that it concerns the relations, not between law-enforcing authority and hunted outcast but between leaders of the business community on the one side and the men who work for a living in their establishments on the other, brings a *feeling of outrage and disgust which spoils the primitive delight* in detective tales.

It has been estimated that American employers annually spend $65,000,000 for spies upon the people who work for them, through three agencies alone. These three have at one time listed 135,000 men on their combined pay rolls, and operated over 100 offices and 10,000 local branches. Another agency paid —and this is government data, not an estimate—an income tax of $258,000. The latter has had its employees exempted from military conscription, and it hires out spies to such employers as Thomas A. Edison and the American Woolen Company. These are partial indications of the extent of the practice. There are few large corporations in the country which do not encourage it.

The man who pays the bill does not know the creature who does the spying. Neither does any other spy. He is responsible only to the agent who hires him, and reports by number. Thus there is no check upon his character, fitness, or performance. In fact, there is a pretty complete check on his lack of these requirements. Ardent capitalists and corporation executives do not volunteer for spy service in the enemy's camp, as do loyal soldiers in time of international war. Instead they hire a commercial detective agency to hire the spy. Floating down-and-outers eager to fill their bellies are entrapped; Mills hotels are full of this material. Weak sisters among the organized workers are enlisted either by appealing to their greed for more income than their fellows or by catching them when they are pinched by bad luck. An occasional union official is subsidized as a double-dealer. Blackmail is sometimes the method of compulsion. Such few members of this spy army as

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may act from conscientious belief that they are serving a righteous cause must be either undependable fanatics or so stupid that their observations are worthless. The rest are the usual miscellany of conscienceless morons, criminals, blackmailers, sellers-out, and seekers of the main chance who will tell any lie or make any betrayal for immediate advantage. Such is the chief source of information upon which the great employers of labor depend. Such is the rabble which they subsidize.

The duties of the labor spy are many. If he is—as rarely—efficient and loyal in his disloyalty, he will tattle on his fellows for lateness, disobedience of rules, slackness in work, "radicalism," or unionist tendencies. He will also report on the poor methods and faults of his superiors. This is the "industrial engineering" which the more advanced agencies throw about themselves as a cloak of respectability. If a union is concerned he will seek trusted positions, create dissension, attack the reputation of leaders, and spread either conservatism or radicalism as suits the need of the moment. When a strike is on he will provoke or execute violence, preach defeatism, encourage impossible demands on union resources, report on the state of the treasury and seek to bankrupt it, split and discourage the strikers. If the spy is inefficient—as usually—he will make false reports concerning these matters and act stupidly. He will send in reams of useless information. If he is disloyally disloyal—as often—he will make trouble for the employer in order to create a demand for his services, or play one competitor's game against another. Everything he does widens the foul realm of secrecy, intrigue, and distrust. The "rat"—as workers call him—gnaws away the basis of organized society, which is mutual confidence.

Spying is well known to the workers and its existence fills them with hatred and suspicion. Until the responsible employers of the country dramatically repudiate it they will deserve all the labor troubles, expressed or suppressed, that they will get. It is indeed a sad commentary on the leaders of business that they cannot trust the workers, find out what they are doing and feeling, and bring them to a state of mind where they will render good service, by frank and open methods. For assuredly they cannot do so in any other way. Appeal to the labor spy is a counsel of despair, and increasing use of him only portends the general demoralization which always follows extremes of cynical autocracy.

GEORGE SOULE

High Hegel

Speculum Mentis or The Map of Knowledge. By R. G. Collingwood. Oxford University Press. $4.20.

THIS book has the nervous force of a desperate faith and a fluent energy of style which amounts to real gift. If its main contention is the platitude that things are not what they seem, there is at least the alternative dialectical rendering that they are what they seem—to the author. And what they seem to him, in a very general way, he tells us. Art, religion, science, and history are abstractions—errors, as Mr. Collingwood construes. But even on their own levels these erroneous activities are implicitly such genuine philosophy as becomes explicitly itself in absolute mind, where the last remnant of abstraction has disappeared, and with it all the vicious separations that men think they succeed in making when they think that they are mere artists or scientists, or saints for that matter. The truth, not being found in any abstraction, that is to say not in any conceivable systematic thinking, turns out to be precisely the way in which all systems "collapse into nothingness." A completely educated mind, we are told, would know nothing at all; clothed in the perfect armor of its own nakedness it would have the mastery of its own ignorance.

This is high Hegel indeed. "Speculum Mentis" might be of some importance, might even live up to the prestige of its meticulously handsome Oxford Press appearance, if its whole pseudological framework had not been so much better and more rigorously articulated a hundred years ago, and if its astonishingly arbitrary method of procedure had not then been exhibited with a really noble show of adventurous spirit, a magnificent scope of historical illustration, and an ingenious and exhaustive subtlety of supporting argument such as Mr. Collingwood neither offers nor professes to offer. He tells us, in fact, that controversy is none of his task here; he is giving us his vision of the truth. And I take it that we must see eye to eye with him or live forever in abstract darkness.

It is not even permissible to cite in criticism such dicta as we find least acceptable: that science achieved its most brilliant advance in turning its method from the scientific into the historical, or that modern realism, like all philosophical realism, is identical with error in general, or that punishment is only legal when it is deserved, or any of a hundred other apparently nonsensical statements. For it is our own separation of them from their context that makes them into nonsense. Our author warns us that we should be fools to attempt it. One may be forgiven, perhaps, for preferring such folly to the adoption of a context in which these opinions represent wisdom. If Mr. Collingwood's book is the mirror of his mind, and if his mind in mirroring itself mirrors the truth by which we are to be saved, most of us are too far exhausted, I think, in the black waters of abstraction to grasp at this implicit straw, which will surely turn out to be explicitly a stone thrown to hasten our destruction. But we shall drown with one comforting thought—abstract, erroneous, and vicious as it no doubt is: in the mirror of our minds Mr. Collingwood's vision will shine as purely visionary, and his truth, which we are leaving behind in all its concrete integrity, will seem to us only an abandoned fragment of unreasoned dogma, falsehood itself.

C. W. PRALL

A Blinded Scientist

The Inheritance of Acquired Characteristics. By Paul Kammerer. Boni & Liveright. $4.50.

ONE of the greatest advances in biology in the last twenty years has been the formulation of certain laws of heredity and the demonstration of their dependence upon the behavior of the chromosomes within the cells. Yet only through the breaking of these rules can changes of evolutionary significance take place. As a matter of fact such unpredictable changes, called mutations, do appear and, having broken the rules by their appearance, proceed lawfully in the following generations. To understand and control these seemingly spontaneous lapses in the laws of heredity would be to solve the outstanding problem of evolution.

This challenges an increasing number of investigators to attempt to change the normal hereditary makeup and produce mutations at will. But the growing mass of negative results reveals greater and greater difficulties. It is a simple matter, through differences in food and temperature and light, to produce startling differences in the development of individuals who would be alike under the same conditions. But it is another matter to produce changes that will be transmitted from generation to generation and cause differences in development under the same external environment. In spite of the many experiments cited by Mr. Kammerer there is not a single case in the forty pages of his bibliography which unquestionably demonstrates a controlled change in the hereditary constitution or the artificial production of a mutation either by means of an acquired character or in any other way. For instance, an experiment by Miss Hoge is cited in which a certain species of fly grew extra legs when raised in the cold. This ability was inherited according to Mendelian laws. No one has ever questioned this. But the cold had nothing to do with originating the ability. Miss Hoge's paper shows that her special race of flies was producing extra legs in normal temperatures for generations before it was discovered that raising them in the cold

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greatly increased the proportion of extra-footed flies. When other races of this same species were raised in the cold, not a single extra leg appeared. Yet the case is claimed by Mr. Kammerer to illustrate the inheritance of an acquired character.

The old dispute over the inheritance of acquired characters, characters induced in an individual by changes in the environment, has little interest for the modern biologist. It has not been proved that such characters never can be inherited, but the negative evidence is sufficiently extensive to warrant investigators to focus their attention upon the physical basis of heredity rather than upon the immediate responses of an organism to its environment. Mr. Kammerer takes up the old fight and defends the old doctrine quite as though there had been no change in biological thought in the last fifty years. To him the experimental evidence seems so convincing that he makes direct human application. "The active acquisition of certain improving characteristics, however, gives us the power to hereditarily regenerate ourselves. A faculty which we acquire, a dexterity which we train sufficiently, disease and worries which we withstand and conquer leave traces upon our children and our children's children."

A lonely champion of an idea is pathetic in any case, but saddest of all is a professed scientist so wedded to an idea that he fails to understand the general development of thought in his science and sees personal malice in the failure of his colleagues to accept his conclusions. Bursting with indignation at the perverse disbelief of his fellow-scientists, Kammerer turns to the general public and passionately pleads his case. He writes like a lawyer for the defense. He omits scientific data, yet he proceeds to draw conclusions upon which specialists only could pass judgment. Even if the lay reader supposes that each objection in turn is masterfully met, he will still be unable to learn anything more constructive than the dogma given in the title. The publishers' claim that the book is a contribution to science is as ridiculous as their acclaiming the author a second Darwin. The book has just one value—as a human document. It tells of a one-time scientist who has lost his standing by blind devotion to a single idea.

E. CARLETON MACDOWELL

Buried Poetry

Ship's Log and Other Poems. By Grace Hazard Conkling. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

"SHIP'S LOG" comes often so close to being excellent poetry that the reader will receive from it either an impression of complete satisfaction or one of baffled loss. The book is an improvement and enrichment over the author's other volumes, being prolific, fluent, and abundant. Details of nature interest Mrs. Conkling most consistently; when she writes of love or of longing or of the soul's isolation it is invariably linked with winter frost and the whistle of mocking birds and those other shapes and sounds along the way which seem to mean as much to her as emotion itself. All this is legitimate, but it is the too lavish use of such materials that is the principal weakness of the collection. Color is piled upon color until the picture which should have been vivid becomes thick and obscure, like a slightly smeared painting. Sometimes a metaphor grows so prodigal that the original idea is lost, the metaphor alone remains. Undeniably one gets a feeling, a tang, from these surfeited descriptions, but there is a stifling cumulative effect: so many gray sea-gulls, so many ivory magnolias, so many indigo shadows. The great pity of this is that Mrs. Conkling can, at times, cut into the depths of her imagery with a gleaming beautiful blade, and then she will give us a brief sentence:

> I seem to know this sinister road whereon
> The ship goes stumbling like an old visionary.

more important than many crowded passages.

This same lack of restraint is carried, with few exceptions, from the fabric into the form. Mrs. Conkling has not the wide bursting heart of a Whitman; her words *can* be formally contained. They need not be cramped by restriction, and their potency would be sharpened by discipline. In several of her fragile exquisite lyrics, reminiscent of the Japanese, the use of free verse is harmonious. But when she writes at length and loosely, as in About Mexico, she cannot touch the stature that she achieves in the first sonnet, entitled Moderate Gale—Rough Sea—Squally, or the fine precision of the last line of Harbor Bar:

> There is a lazy warmth of land
> In the wind now. The wind's a rose
> Hid in the darkness: its breath blows
> In through the open port. I stand
> Waiting as though for touch of a hand,
> Deep in the silence the heart knows.
> What will be there when morning glows?
> A shore that halts the sea with sand?

LENORE G. MARSHALL

Studies in Reputation

Literary Studies and Reviews. By Richard Aldington. The Dial Press. $2.50.

MR. RICHARD ALDINGTON'S first emergence was poetical. His affiliations are with those modern experimentalists in verse who give "the sense of liberation from limits of space and time and that sense of sudden growth which we experience in the presence of great art."

Yet in spite of such formidable achievement in a more strictly creative field, Mr. Aldington, among the younger English critics—J. Middleton Murry, J. C. Squire, John Freeman, and H. J. Priestley—already has raised a voice distinguishable for its effectiveness and its cultivated accent. Particularly a student of French literature, Mr. Aldington follows the bent of that interest in reviewing French publications for the London *Times*, and his current volume is concerned chiefly with French subjects, ancient and modern. Among them may be mentioned as characteristic Pierre de Ronsard, Joachim du Bellay, Satirist at the Court of Henri IV, Saint-Evremond, Gui Patin's Letters, Jean Dehénault, Cowley and the French Epicureans, Madame du Deffand and Voltaire, Letters of Mme de Maintenon, The Prince de Ligne, Remy de Gourmont, and Marcel Proust. T. S. Eliot and James Joyce are also included, possibly because they are in line with Mr. Aldington's modern interests, or perhaps because they are so liberated from recognizable roots that they might as well be included with the French as with anybody.

Mr. Aldington expresses a professional interest which is characteristic of his criticism in the opening sentence of his first essay: "The vicissitudes of Ronsard's reputation through the centuries are of themselves a study in criticism." They are a guide, too, to the pitfalls of "literary spite" and "critical bigotry." With a lucid sort of probity Mr. Aldington proceeds to unravel tangled fortunes so that he may point out forgotten merit, offset the prejudices of his intellectual ancestors, and perhaps do some service for his contemporaries who share his taste but not his opportunities for exploration—his prose moving all the while at the sedate, accurate pace of historical scholarship.

Yet for all his historical-mindedness, Mr. Aldington is more than a little esoteric. Even the literary histories have little to say of Claude d'Esternod, Saint-Evremond, La Mothe le Vayer, Gui Patin, Jean Dehénault, the Prince de Ligne. Whatever their fortunes through the years, these men, now so remote, so inaccessible, need a more glowing breath infused into them than that of Mr. Aldington before they can resume the postures of the living.

In truth, Mr. Aldington is too sober for this company. The technique of historical investigation is merely the abtruse trick of a very elevated trade. What Sigogne needs, and d'Esternod

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and Dehénault, is a bandwagon, not a critic weighing gold and dross in an ivory tower. Mr. Aldington goes about his evaluations with a cool grace, an admirable equanimity, a delicate and just temper fatal to what should be his first concern—appreciation. From this point of view, Mr. Aldington comes off much better in his handling of such modern and contemporary subjects as Remy de Gourmont, Marcel Proust, T. S. Eliot, and James Joyce. He is warmer, less serenely disinterested, more provocative, and he abandons himself for a little to personal conviction. Yet here, as with his more remote subjects, one still wishes that Mr. Aldington had the faculty to feel and communicate a more lively sense of neglected beauties, a more buoyant energy in uncovering the riches of human nature, a more supple medium at his command for conveying moral or aesthetic or intellectual experience.

Such abilities reside in Mr. Gosse, in Professor Saintsbury, perhaps in a greater than necessary abundance. But is it not odd that in this day it requires the old men to make merry over their spiritual adventures, while the *beau idéal* of the young critic is research untouched by emotion?

GERALD HEWES CARSON

Books in Brief

Modern Theories of the Unconscious. By W. L. Northridge. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.75.

A capable summary. After a preliminary chapter indicating the theories of the unconscious in various philosophies from Plato down to Schopenhauer and Von Hartmann the author turns his attention to the discussion of the three principal trends in present-day theories. The first of these is Myers's theory of the subliminal self, a hypothesis which grew out of early experiments in psychic research. The second is the theory of the subconscious mind. Here the names of Janet in France and of Morton Prince in this country are best known. The third is the theory of the unconscious made prominent by Freud and by Jung. The first Mr. Northridge holds to be largely mystical, the second rather purely descriptive, the third the first real interpretation of the roots of man's behavior. Two fundamental views are noticeable in present-day discussions of the unconscious. According to one the unconscious is marked by repressed ideas, according to the other by repressed emotions. Mr. Northridge maintains that, at best, the unconscious must consist of repressed dispositions or trends, and that neither ideas nor emotions can legitimately be spoken of as existing there. He indicates that the Freudians have never been clear on this matter, and further that much damage has been done the cause of dynamic psychology through the loose juggling of terms by many who hold themselves followers of Freud.

Changing Ireland. By Norreys Jephson O'Conor. Harvard University Press. $2.50.

A volume of essays and book reviews dealing with contemporary Anglo-Irish writers, which have been rather ambitiously subtitled "studies in the literary background of the Irish Free State." They seem to have been collected on the strange assumption that the subjects have never been treated before, and are written accordingly, their usefulness being thereby restricted to such people as may never have seen any of the several now standard works, not to mention the volumes of critical essays, in which all the writers mentioned have been fully discussed. Most of the essays date from a time when the existence of the Irish Free State was undreamed of, and there is nothing about such writers as Liam O'Flaherty or Sean O'Casey, who are actually of the Free State.

Spain Today. By Frank B. Deakin. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

This book is a remarkable and pitiless research into the conditions of Spain at present: remarkable for its journalistic shallowness, and pitilessly dull. If its author had started with the purpose of setting down nothing but platitudes he could not have compiled a greater number. According to him, Spain is decadent because it has no factories and no schools, and because its politicians are not in the business for their health. Like ever so many amateur sociologists, the author makes the mistake of confusing the effect with the cause. So that even if we were to accept his values (in no way different from those of George F. Babbitt) we should still have to remind him—or perhaps teach him—that the cause of Spain's decadence is not its lack of the blessings of industrial slavery, although the lack of these blessings may be the result of its decadence, but something to be searched for in national characteristics more permanent and more vitally significant than any which Mr. Deakin at present knows.

Supplement to The New World: Problems in Political Geography. By Isaiah Bowman. World Book Company. Fifty cents.

"The New World" was an invaluable guide-book to the economic and political geography of the earth. This hundred-page supplement carries it three years further into 1924, and adds a longish essay on the problem of population as it affects American interest in foreign policy. Mr. Bowman writes like a radical, emphasizing the economic basis of politics, but he invariably concludes like a good old-fashioned imperialist. The Philippines are valuable to us—that is why we do not give them independence, says he, like any radical; then he adds a pious fear that if we set them free some self-interested Power might gobble them up. His facts, however, are only occasionally colored by his fondness for the British in Egypt, the French in the Saar, Mussolini in Italy, and Rivera in Spain; and, while approving, he lays bare the sordid motives of international policies.

Pipers and a Dancer. By Stella Benson. The Macmillan Company. $2.

Stella Benson has trapped the wariest inner dreams and realities of her characters, thus creating a development and suspense worthy of a bigger idea. The plot concerns a girl who cannot be true to herself but acts always as "her Showman" prompts. The writing is overconscious but pointed.

East and West. Confessions of a Princess. By ——? Thomas Seltzer. $2.

The autobiography of an Irish girl, married to a Burmese prince. A lurid tale whose melodrama is occasionally relieved by a naive phrase. There are repetitions of "Had I but known!" and many references to the extraordinary nature of destiny.

The Fabric of the Loom. By Mary S. Watts. The Macmillan Company. $2.

Another novel of scant plot which attempts to satirize modern society. The author withholds all sympathy, but her thrusts and observations do not penetrate. She fails through being sarcastic without being caustic.

With Lawrence in Arabia. By Lowell Thomas. The Century Company. $4.

The Arab at Home. By Paul W. Harrison. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $3.50.

Undistinguished though informing accounts of travel of the most fascinating of peninsulas, the first by a worshiper of the amazing Colonel Lawrence and the second by a medical missionary.

Elizabethans. By A. H. Bullen. E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.

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An American Painter

By THOMAS CRAVEN

IN his recent exhibition at the Daniel Gallery, Thomas H. Benton has demonstrated the fertility and beauty of the American scene. Here is a painter who has returned to his native State for inspiration, and who has extracted from the virgin soil of the Southwest a graphic message of twofold significance. In the first place, these water-colors and drawings, aptly catalogued under the title In Missoura, should stand as a warning to those artists who seem to believe that painting is essentially a French accomplishment, and that Continental mannerisms are indications of modernity; second, knowledge of the structure of form and of the means of presentation has been applied with a definite purpose—that is to say, Benton has no faith in the popular fetish, "organization for its own sake," but has concentrated his energies on the epic spirit of a civilization that is organically his own. The trouble with most of the self-styled new art is simply that technical issues have overridden all aesthetic meaning; in Benton's pictures the technical barriers have been torn down, and as a consequence we have an explicit and massive rendering of a phase of American life now rapidly passing into history. The artist has brought together a gallery of Southwestern types—white men and black, politicians, lawyers, and rustics—and to provide an appropriate background for his characters has hung them in company with scenes of local industry and idleness. There are no stylistic tricks in these heads, no cubes and cones, no Gallic abstractions. To my knowledge the characterization is without a parallel in contemporary art. One drawing, for example, bearing the title The Old Campaigner, is strongly reminiscent of ex-Governor Dockery. It may or may not be a good likeness—certainly it is not a literate portrait—but it is a powerful conception of the old-fashioned politician, a permanent record, we might say, of a type which, when at last extinct, will have robbed our campaigns of color, unction, and humanity. Another head, Plug Cut and Blackstone, creates the atmosphere of musty calfskin and shrewd pettifoggery—the small-town lawyer in all his shabby glory. A third, a Negro called Jim, carries in his ugly features the tragedy of his race. It is caricature, but it is done with the strength of sculpture and with intense sympathy.

Benton's past performances have given rise to a good deal of speculation, most of it hostile and unintelligent; and his critics, while admitting his powers as a composer, have regarded the curious evolution of his technique as an affront to the canonical limitations of painting, even modernist painting. His ability, as witnessed by his most recent exhibition, to seize the spirit of a community, to sweep aside the loose, the careless, and the unnecessary elements, and to present the scenic essentials in terms of enduring form, comes as an unexpected revelation. His painting of an old ramshackle foundry is almost uncanny in its suggestion of dirt, rust, and obsolete method. One feels instantly that the number of operatives is small, that work is seldom finished on time, and that nobody cares. It is a desolate place—filled with the pathos of wornout things. Those who have considered Benton exclusively as an intellectual experimenter, an expositor of compositional theories, will have need to revise their opinions. He is too much of an artist to confine himself to one pursuit, and too much a lover of life, as these water-colors show, to deal always in pure abstractions. That he is deeply concerned with the constructive problems of his work is undeniable, but what genuine artist is not? Nor is it conceivable that the pronounced tri-dimensional aspect of his painting is the result of chance or haphazard procedure. For the sources of his technique we must turn to the art of the old Florentines. It may seem a far cry from the characters of southwestern Missouri to the saints and madonnas of the Italian Renaissance, but if we examine the highly relieved forms and the complicated linear rhythms of the American's painting, we shall understand the validity of the comparison. Benton's work is wanting in suavity and grace, in the mellowness and ease which mark the fruition of a long and cultivated period of plastic expression; his art is hewn out of granite; it is stiff and solid, and frequently terrifying in its reality. But it is not therefore devoid of beauty—for the path of beauty, as Havelock Ellis has written, is not soft and smooth but full of harshness and asperity.

This painting, with its sharp edges and its bulk strength, is tinged with a poetry and a sadness peculiarly adapted to the treatment of American life. In fact, it is of the same texture as American life, which contains beneath its harshness an undercurrent of sadness and idealism. And this painter, as distinguished from the majority of our younger men who go on producing abstractions and still-lifes, has been occupied for several years with a pictorial history of the United States, a vast undertaking which, when completed, will comprise sixty-four canvases of monumental size. The Missouri series is only an interlude in his more ambitious work, but it is important as an example of Benton's command over native material and as an object lesson to artists who are imitating the latest French tendencies.

Drama

Establishing a New Tradition

THE producers, relaxing all major effort for the greater part of the week, invite the critic to reflect upon the months just passed. Notwithstanding the fact that several noteworthy plays have been performed, no one could maintain that the proportion of distinguished work has been high. Yet one significant fact stands out: No really fine play has failed. Arthur Richman's "The Far Cry," a play with certain substantial merits, did not deserve its speedy retirement, but it had no unmistakable claim upon critical or popular attention and it is the sole near-exception which would be made. Not a few trivial or tawdry productions have, as usual, won an unmerited success, but no playwright with anything important to say has failed to receive an attentive hearing.

From this it would be easy to leap to the comfortable conclusion that the public always wants the best that can be given it. The truth is not so simple. Good plays have failed in the past and they will fail in the future. Yet the situation does mean something; it means that the current dramatic tradition has established itself, and that unconventionality has become, within certain limitations, an accepted artistic convention. What even the more intelligent part of the public likes is not, in spite of what all its defenders may say, merely excellence; and it is not, in spite of all its detractors may say, inferiority. What it likes is the kind of excellence with which it is familiar, and by now the peculiar excellences of the modern drama are familiar ones. Realism, irony, and iconoclasm have become, by force of their repetition, acceptable, and they no longer stand between the playwright and his auditor. The latter accepts them because they have become, like any other artistic tradition, a part of his mental habit and the playwright who uses them has no longer the task of blazing completely new trails through his auditor's mind.

Such a situation gives to the serious dramatist his greatest opportunity. Since the premises of his thinking need no longer be defended he can follow them out to the most fruitful end of which he is capable. He is no longer compelled, as some of the greatest of the pioneers were, to engage in argument or propaganda in the interests of either plain speaking or unromantic logic. He can begin where his own thinking begins and he can be, in a word, not a schoolmaster but an artist. And it is exactly this which the most important playwrights now represented on Broadway have done. Neither "What Price Glory" nor "Desire Under the Elms" nor "They Knew What They

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Wanted" is, in the older sense, a thesis play. Each assumes not only that frankness and sincerity are accustomed attributes of the drama but each grows from and takes for granted intellectual premises which until recently no playwright could have safely assumed. That a brave soldier is not necessarily a noble patriot, that a New England farm is not necessarily a school of virtue, and that the mother of an illegitimate child is not necessarily a bad woman—these are three theses which even ten years ago three plays might have been devoted to prove. Yet each, taken for granted, is the starting-point of a contemporary author's artistic process. Three playwrights are enabled to write plays infinitely superior to their imaginary prototypes because each is chiefly concerned with permanent emotional values instead of with intellectual conceptions which grow stale as soon as they are assumed to be true. They are types of the best dramatic writing which the decade ahead of us will produce, because they are explorations of the dramatic possibilities of the modern view which has been gradually establishing itself. The thesis play, properly so called, is dead because it is a transition type intended to bridge the gap which rapidly changing moral ideas placed between leading intellectuals and even their more intelligent audience, but the artistic possibilities inherent in the new order are only beginning to be tapped.

The establishment of the new tradition, however, means the establishment of a new hokum also. Ruts are worn anew, emotion flows again along newly formed channels, and the inferior playwright, ignorant as ever of his own inferiority, purveys the new hokum and follows in the new rut. Even idol-breaking can become a popular sport if the same idols are broken frequently enough, and at least a considerable part of the public takes great pleasure in slaying the slain. It loves to run with the pack, adding its ecstatic howl when it sees the villain of the moment pilloried; and it does not care who chooses its victim. Not many years ago it loved to laugh when the "city guy" was worsted in a contest with rustic wisdom or to hiss when the conventional villain received his punishment at the hands of conventional virtue. Today Main Street sets it in a roar and it gloats over the discomfiture of the unfortunate clergyman in Mr. Maugham's "Rain," but neither its laughter nor its hissing is more important in the one case than in the other. Its thought and its emotion are running in well-worn grooves and it is spared either thought or feeling. The typical figures of the insurgent drama will become, as Mr. Babbitt and the bigoted Puritan have already become, stock figures of no more importance than the old-fashioned sailor with the heart of gold. Already a number of plays like "Lazybones" play superficially with newly developed prejudices, and others like "Close Harmony" lie along the border-line of banality. "Advanced Ideas" when no longer advanced cease to afford any guaranty that those who hold them have either sincerity or talent, for they can now be professed profitably and without effort. The machine-made play is coming to be in certain respects more and more like the experimental drama of yesterday, and with the change comes a change in the critic's problem. Once his chief duty was to fight for new ideas; today it is to distinguish between genuine art and the newer hokum.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

The Fight Against Trotzky

THE severe criticism which has been directed by the leaders of the Russian Communist Party against Leon Trotzky for the views expressed in his latest book, "1917," and other recent works has been taken by the anti-Soviet press in Europe and America as an indication of a "schism" growing within the governing party of the Soviet Union. The wish has fathered the thought that the discussion of Trotzky's views in the Soviet press and in the party organizations is only a prelude to a civil strife which is scheduled to end in the collapse of the Soviet system. Some correspondents living in Berlin and in other centers of anti-Soviet information have already gone so far as to broadcast the "news" of alleged riots and uprisings in Moscow and other cities. The stories about the fate of Trotzky himself have been particularly varied. In this connection some extracts from recent speeches and articles by Kamenev, Zinoviev, and Stalin shed light on the real nature of the discussion and the position of Trotzky in the Communist Party.

In a report on this question delivered before a meeting of the Moscow committee of the Communist Party together with the responsible workers and published in the Moscow press of November 26 L. B. Kamenev gives a detailed review of the theoretical controversy between Leninism and Trotzkyism which is of long standing, dating back to the beginning of the process of differentiation within the old Russian Social Democratic Labor Party in 1903. If this controversy has now flared up it is, according to Kamenev, only because in his recent works Trotzky has attempted so to construe the progress of the revolution as to justify his position, which had always been sharply criticized by Lenin, and to reverse party policies along the lines of his [Trotzky's] original theories as opposed to theories of Lenin, which the party is following. The nature of these differences may be gleaned from a few of the following summarizing paragraphs from Kamenev's report:

> The systematic (during a period of about two decades) passionate struggle of Comrade Lenin against Trotzkyism was dictated by the fact that Comrade Lenin saw in Trotzkyism a definite tendency, hostile to the ideology and organization of the Bolshevist Party, a tendency which, in fact, served the cause of menshevism. This struggle against Trotzkyism was not a casual element in connection with one or another turning-point in history, at one or another event. It was an indispensable element in the work of hammering out a genuine proletarian party with a genuine proletarian ideology. . . .
>
> The controversy was on the basic problems of the revolution, on the interrelation of the classes in the revolution. For the question of "permanent revolution" (Trotzky's theory) versus Lenin's theory is the question of the role of the peasantry in the revolution, the question of the roads leading toward socialism in an agricultural country, the question of the ways and conditions of accomplishing the dictatorship of the proletariat in a country with a dominating peasant population. It is not a controversy over abstract formulae. It is a controversy as to the ways by which the proletariat may seize and *retain* power in a peasant country. It is a question not only of yesterday but of today and tomorrow as well. Lenin's theory and practice is an answer to this question. The "theory of permanent revolution," Trotzky's theory, which is built entirely on an underestimate of the role of the peasantry, is an answer to one question only: "How, under such conditions, the power cannot be seized and retained."
>
> From the maze of distortions . . . in The Lessons of October (Trotzky's preface to his book "1917") we may extract a certain axis of principle, a certain permeating basic thought of Trotzky. It is expressed in these words of his: "Already, on the eve of the revolution of 1905, Lenin expressed the peculiarities of the Russian revolution in the formula of the democratic dictatorship of the proletariat and of the peasantry. In itself this formula, as was shown by all later developments, could only have the significance of a stage of development," and then follows a literary description the essence of which is: "only as a stage of development toward Trotzky. . . ."
>
> Is it true that bolshevism, in order to solve the problems of the revolution, was bound to renounce its past? Is it true that the theory of the revolutionary-democratic dictatorship of the workers and of the peasantry had to be thrown overboard as incompatible with the conditions of real life? How was it in reality, how was it understood by Lenin? The bolshevik idea of the "revolutionary-democratic dictatorship of the proletariat and peasantry"—and it was so Lenin understood it—was entirely accomplished in the Russian revolution and, having been accomplished, it began to grow further and it grew out into the bolshevik idea of the dictatorship of the proletariat. This growth corresponded and developed parallel with the changes in the interrelations of the classes in the development of the Russian revolution. Whoever does not understand this has understood nothing either of Leninism or of the history of the party or of the history of the revolution.
>
> From the fact that the bolshevik theory of the dictatorship of the proletariat and the peasantry was accomplished, Lenin drew the only and correct conclusion: once our theory becomes a fact it is necessary to go further . . . on the basis of the accomplished dictatorship of the proletariat and peasantry to unite and merge the proletarian elements of the city and village against the elements of the petty-bourgeoisie. . . . Lenin . . . understood that the transition from the dictatorship of the proletariat and peasantry to the completed socialist revolution was a very complicated process. It is necessary to move toward this aim, but to move all the time looking back at the peasantry, to accomplish the dictatorship of the proletariat in such a manner that it shall be supported by the peasantry at all the stages of the transition. . . .
>
> Trotzky's theory would have led unavoidably toward the collapse both of the proletariat and of the peasantry. In its pure essence Trotzky's policy consisted in ignoring the peasantry. . . . Lenin knew well . . . that the underestimation of the peasantry, which is the basis of Trotzky's theory, would have been a menace to the revolution and to the party. It was for this reason that, while urging the necessity of moving forward from the revolutionary-democratic dictatorship, he painstakingly warned the party at the same time against switching over to the rails of Trotzkyism. . . .

This difference of views on the development of the revolution dates back to the period between the March revolution of 1917 and the November revolution, which is treated in Trotzky's book "1917." Kamenev sums up this part of his report with the statement:

> Here, too, Trotzky did not understand, for he did not understand the basic core of Lenin's theory of the interrelation of the working class and the peasantry in the Russian revolution. Neither did he understand this after the October revolution. He failed to understand this at

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every turning-point which our party has reached while maneuvering to accomplish the dictatorship of the proletariat without alienating the peasantry. He could not understand this because of his theory, which, in his opinion, has been "entirely justified." If Trotzky's theory were correct, there would have been no Soviet state in Russia now. Ignoring the peasantry, not offering any approach to the solution of the problem of the union of the proletariat and the peasantry, this theory of "permanent revolution" makes the working-class government of Russia dependent entirely on the immediate proletarian revolution in the West. . . .

Kamenev further analyzes Trotzky's theory in the latter's stand on the question of the peace of Brest-Litovsk, in the discussion of the role of the trade unions immediately before the introduction of the new economic policy when Trotzky advocated the tightening of the screws of military communism, in advocating the "dictatorship of industry" as a solution of the economic problems with which the Soviet Union was confronted in its most critical moments, and, finally, his part in last year's party discussion. He winds up his report with the following summary:

It is with a feeling of regret that I say it, and that the party must say it too. But we must admit that Comrade Trotzky has become a channel through which the elements of the petty-bourgeoisie are gaining expression within our party. . . . This must be understood first of all by Comrade Trotzky himself. If he will understand this and draw the necessary conclusions, everything may still be repaired. Whether he wants it or not (and certainly he does not want *that*) to all those who look upon communism as their chief enemy he has already become the symbol for breaking loose from the ferule of the Communist Party. This is a sad but an unavoidable conclusion for everyone who is used to examining political phenomena, not in the light of gossip but in the light of the realistic analysis of the relations between the classes. . . .

It is this danger which we must face on account of Comrade Trotzky and which we cannot ignore. I know that in Moscow, where all kinds of rumors spread easily, "reliable information" is already being whispered to the effect that Trotzky's book has been suppressed, that Comrade Trotzky has been excluded from the party, that Trotzky is about to be excluded, that Trotzky has even left Moscow. Of course, all this is gossip. Nobody has ever thought of suppressing Trotzky's book, not a member of the Central Committee has ever raised or is raising the question of disciplinary measures against Comrade Trotzky. Disciplinary measures, exclusion, etc., would not help to clear up the question. They would be only an aid to the muddlers who would welcome a split in the party and who would like to prevent the clarifying of the real bases of bolshevism as distinguished from Trotzkyism. And it is this which is most important at present.

Stalin's report on the same subject delivered before he plenary session of the All-Russian Central Council of he Trade Unions and published on November 26 is summed p in part as follows:

Trotzkyism contains three peculiarities which put it in opposition to Leninism. . . .

First: Trotzkyism is a theory of permanent revolution . . . it is revolution which does not take into account the landless peasantry as a revolutionary force. Trotzky's permanent revolution is, in Lenin's words, a "skipping" over the peasant movement, a "game in seizure of power." . . .

Second: Trotzkyism spells distrust to bolshevik partisanship, to its unity of composition and its hostility to

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opportunist elements. Trotzkyism in the field of organization is the theory of revolutionists and opportunists and their different groupings and sub-groupings dwelling together within one party. . . .

Third: Trotzkyism is distrust of the leaders of bolshevism and an attempt to discredit them. . . .

This as far as pre-revolutionary Trotzkyism is concerned.

The characteristic traits of the new Trotzkyism are:

1. *In regard to the "permanent revolution."* The new Trotzkyism does not consider it necessary openly to advocate the theory of the permanent revolution. It "simply" establishes that the October revolution has completely justified the idea of the permanent revolution. Hence the conclusion: only that is important and acceptable in Leninism which took place after the war, in the period of the October revolution, and, on the contrary, everything in Leninism which was before the war, before the October revolution, is not important and not acceptable. . . . However, Leninism is not an eclectic theory pasted together out of various elements . . . Leninism is a single unified theory which was initiated in 1903, which stood the test of three revolutions, and which is at present marching forward as the battle banner of the world proletariat. . . . The theory of cutting up Leninism into two parts [corresponding to the two periods] is an attempt to change Leninism for Trotzkyism.

Of course, the party cannot make its peace with this strange theory.

2. *On the question of partisanship.* . . . Trotzkyism divides the history of our party into two periods of unequal value: before October and after October. It supposes that the pre-October history of our party is in itself not history but a kind of "prehistory," at any rate, not a very important preparatory period in the life of our party. But the post-October period in the history of our party is real history. In the first period—the "old" "prehistoric," unimportant cadres of our party. In the second period—the new actual, historical party. It is unnecessary to prove that this original outline of the history of our party only tends to drive a wedge between the old and new cadres of the party, to destroy the bolshevik party unity.

Needless to say the party cannot make its peace with this strange outline.

3. *In regard to the leaders of bolshevism.* The old Trotzkyism attempted to uncrown Lenin more or less openly. . . . The new Trotzkyism is more careful. It attempts to serve the cause of the old Trotzkyism under the guise of lauding Lenin, of elevating him. . . .

There is talk of repressions against the opposition and of the possibility of a split. This is nonsense. Our party is strong and powerful. It will not permit any splits. As to repressions, I am absolutely against them. What we need at present are not repressions but a general struggle against regenerating Trotzkyism in the field of ideas.

The same sentiment is expressed by Zinoviev in his article in the Moscow *Pravda* of November 30, where he sums up the situation as follows:

What is to be done under the present circumstances? A split? Nonsense. Our party is now more united than ever. A breaking away? Nonsense. There is none to break away, and the party does not intend to bring things that far. Disciplinary measures? This also is nonsense. Nobody needs it. What is needed is something else. . . . It is necessary for the party to insure itself against repetitions of the "raids" against Leninism. It is necessary to have solemn party pledges that the decisions of the party will be binding on Comrade Trotzky. The party is not a debating club but a *Party;* and it is, moreover, active in a complicated situation. The slogan of today is: the bolshevization of all strata of our party. A struggle against Trotzkyism in the field of ideas. . . .

Our party is more than half made up of comparatively young members. Many of them are sensing Trotzky's anti-Leninistic blunders through their sheer class psychology. It is necessary that the whole party study the questions of Leninism and Trotzkyism. It is necessary that the whole party see clearly that it is a matter of two fundamentally different systems of tactics and policies. . . . It is a matter of two methods in treating the policies of the day, which are closely linked with such basic problems as that of the mutual relations between the working class and the peasantry.

The bolshevization of our own ranks—in so far as the younger party members have not had the opportunity to pass through the school of Leninism—this is the serious problem which must be met. And we cannot but be thankful to Comrade Trotzky, since he, at any rate, has provided the party with a good opportunity to analyze the sidestepping from Leninism and to study more deeply the bases of bolshevism.

From the Communist Youth

THE young Communists have also taken part in the current criticism of Leon Trotzky and his views. In the *International Press Correspondence* for December 4 appears a declaration of the Russian Leninist-Communist Youth League of which a part is reprinted below:

In the Lessons of October, which forms the introduction to Comrade Trotzky's recently published book, "1917," he, in our opinion, approaches one of the most important facts in the history of the party, the October revolution, from a wrong and politically extremely dangerous point of view. . . .

The Bolshevik Party, the chief factor in the October revolution, is entirely absent from the picture which Comrade Trotzky draws. Where do we find the Central Committee, which led the fight against Kornilov and which prepared and organized the insurrection? Where do we find the Petrograd Committee? Where are the individual sections of Petrograd? Where are the agitation, the organizing work, the activity in the factories and the military units? Where is the organization of Moscow? Where do we find the masses who grouped themselves round Lenin and supported him without doubt or hesitation? All this has simply no existence for him, or is only mentioned in the third place. Instead of the party he always places the personalities of the leaders in the foreground. . . .

Comrade Trotzky criticizes without any consideration the mistakes made by Comrades Zinoviev and Kamenev at the time of the October revolution. These mistakes are well known; they were long ago recognized and corrected by those who committed them. Anyone who knows anything about the Bolshevik Party knows that the temporary mistakes made by these comrades at the time of the October revolution are as nothing compared to their work and their services in the period of twenty years before and after October. Everyone knows that Lenin appreciated the work of these comrades and the significance of their mistakes. . . .

Comrade Trotzky invites us to study the October revolution. But October is indissolubly bound up with the whole previous and subsequent history of the party. In his various arguments Comrade Trotzky throws no light on the numerous differences of opinion between himself and Lenin, nor even on the fight which he carried on against Lenin. . . .

The greatest contrast of views between Trotzky and Lenin was in 1921 on the question of the trade unions; he opposed Lenin and the whole Leninist group of the Central Committee and the Trade Unions. . . . Finally, at the end of 1923 and the beginning of 1924, Comrade Trotzky appeared in the role of the leader of the petty-bourgeois anti-Leninist opposition in the bosom of the Russian Communist Party. . . .

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